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REV. JOHN WEISS ON "A CONSCIENCE FOR TRUTH."

INDEPENDENT LECTURE.

Mr. Weiss began by speaking of the continuous incoming of God into all our truth, our hope, and our love, and said: Whatever we may think of separate men, it is certain that mankind is full of grace and truth. The great names that stand for the happy organizations along whose lips the divine breath played its sweet and solemn harmonies, stand also for the whole of organized humanity; all lips are ranged conveniently, and the visiting breath extorts their half and quarter notes. What harmony the whole obedience of a generation must procure! Yet, sometimes, when human affairs have accumulated into a moment of intense interest, there is a hush or mood of expectation just before the crisis, during which men become conscious of the exalted condition of their powers; they hear the consent of many consciences; they feel that they are harmonizing with God's will. After the wind has been blowing off shore for some time, there is a lull, just before a change of the wind from seaward. In that lull the mustering waves lift up their innumerable voice. Careless strollers on the beach drop their spoil of sea-stray, and the breath of the consenting anthem freshens them with awe. A few years ago the American people overheard the thunder of their own awakening, as the moral law which had been beaten down so long had gathered in too many hearts to be repressed any longer. The divine breath flew along the lips of every State, and a note went up from each to frame the great accord which at the time we called our patriotism, as we listened to the unexpected sound; but it was the climax of an inspiration, a possession of the conscience by its own law; a rapture of the consent of millions to their own likeness with God's indignation and justice. The moral law had been painfully struggling to touch this land for a generation; many bleeding hands had been lifted from the surf to grapple with points of advantage; yet caught by the undertow and swept backward all the time, till suddenly what seemed drowning became rescue and safety, and we climbed from the iron-bound coast to the meadows where the amaranths grew for our heroes. Foreign observers who were strolling curiously up and down along the edge of our whitening purpose, dropped their trifles and hailed the uprising of a great people, as they termed it; was it not rather the Great Shepherd who played upon his pipes, tuned to the irreversible harmonies!

Of all our gifts the conscience is the most sensible to divine inspiration; it has such faith to welcome, such faith to detest, such an instinct to set things right, such sensitiveness to unhealthy influences, such joy in plain dealing, such pain when duplicity is near. What witness is there so perpetual, to the closeness of God; his challenging outpost furnished with the only countersign. But our consciences are not merely God's opportunities for heaping up great critical moments of history, and concentrating moral virtue against disease and threatened dissolution; the humblest soul that strives to be honest in its dealings belongs to the history of his time because his conscience belongs to God. The moral sense is not merely a contrivance for detecting and holding on to goodness, but the divine smypathy must repair to it. It is God's moral representative on earth, and is furnished with the eternal prescriptions. Every time his spirit breathes across these laws of our nature, they are reinvigorated. He responds to our best moments, and there is refreshment, confidence, joy in the response. This idea of the response of God to conscience, Mr. Weiss dwelt upon, and illustrated with great beauty. He then spoke of the infallibility with which conscience records the results of character. Our own souls are the final exhibit which we make to heaven. God sees us, and sees the whole career, and comprehends at once its most insignificant details and most private motives; and we need not die first in order to be weighed and accepted. Conscience is threatened with contempt in a country, where men estimate each other so largely by their power to succeed in various undertakings. But this smart social system will pass into anarchy unless there is a sense in men that integrity is the founder and preserver of States. It is a great action to keep faith high and aggressive in a period when the people wink to each other applausively at hearing of an admirable intrigue, and relish the stories whose point is some successful artifice.

Mr. Weiss spoke with touching earnestness and eloquence of the responsibilities and the joys which a sensitive conscience gives to a man—of the appeal of truth, of being loved and chosen by her. We are ready, he said, to understand the young man's sorrow when he turned away to try to live without her companionship. The love there was at beholding him is the most powerful argument in the book against the turning away. No threats of punishment that comprises either material or spiritual pains can equal it. What a denunciation of woe it brings down upon a soul that, framed for love, repulses it; that, invited to go up higher, prefers to remain where it is! The love at beholding us is God's continual judgment at our indifference. In depending upon our coöperation God has not forgotten to make something in his appeals to us attractive; if not the thing itself, then the sense of sacrificing attractiveness for his service; the very dislike to do the thing has its attractions to a human soul. Its sorrowful turning away is an intimation to itself that something truly noble just looked at it in passing. We have not a season from youth to age that is not filled with these expressive hints that we belong to a spiritual order and must do a spiritual work. In youth especially the soul is beseiged as if some largess was dispensing. It is the greatness of the infinite before these avenues that communicate with human life. No man is ever left so poor in opportunities that he does not see the face of some truth as it passes by his place of business and invites him out upon God's highway. It is some occasion for private, family devotedness; it is some unpopular cause; it is some scouted aspect of divine things; it is some call of the country and humanity; it is sincerity and personal surrender in some direction; it says, Take up that sword, lift up that cross, wield that pen, feed that mouth, close that wound, bind up that broken heart, pour that love out of the window, let that uncomfortable message through the door; behold I stand and knock; the sound is harsh; but open and see my handsome face, and bid me in with joy!

Why does truth that is all abroad in the world thus come to us? It is because it sees something in us akin to itself. We hear its voice as a straying child hears the mother's voice that goes round groping and searching for the ears so well attuned by nature to thrill at the dear summons of deliverance. When your nearest of kin comes calling, you fling the closed casement open, and lean out with answering smile; and if fortunate vines cluster and blossom round your life, you break off the rose and throw it down—the gage of your affection—then descend to meet it and redeem your pledge. Noble and uplifting moments of the earthly life, when imperishable love solicits you, and some truth or duty within you breaks through all constraints and rushes into God's open day to claim affinity with truth! Then is the moment to return love, and to be loved, and to build the soul's life upon happiness forever. Mr. Weiss dwelt at length upon the answer to the question, How can we be really sure that something divine invites us? and closed his eloquent lecture in the following words: We may know the truth when it dislodges us and sends us elswhere, when we are detailed for duties, when we are selected for the forlorn hope, when we are ordered to the front! Pride of opinion, love of comfort, desire to keep on good terms with your circle, never is haunted with the enterprize to colonize a virgin soil, and plant a flag there. But truth, in every one of her stages, longs to leave some things behind; the truth of morals inspires us to abandon the old habitat of our vices; the truth of religion drags us out of our doctrinal burrows to explore, to take possession. God cannot be exhausted. He has ever new things for new spirits, who become the most religious when they submit to this onward tendency and break away in pursuit of the infinite mystery. It hails us in the van. Have you never heard its voice, paying men that most exquisite of flatteries by asking for their hearts? We cannot conceal our satisfaction, but break into smiles and adoring gestures, and bend toward that invitation as the earth towards its sun?—*Advertiser Report.*

LANDS.

From the New Era.

In the year 1856, Congress granted portions of the public lands in alternate sections, to the State of Alabama, in order to aid in the construction of certain railroads within that State. By the terms of the several enactments, the lands thus granted were to revert to the general government, if the proposed roads were not completed within ten years. As the condition of these grants was not complied with, the House of Representatives passed a bill at the session of Congress previous to the last one, declaring them forfeited; a measure which failed to meet with concurrent action upon the part of the Senate. At its last session Congress passed a bill to revive the grant of lands in aid of one of these railroads—that from Selma to Gadsden,—thus withdrawing one of these derelict enterprises from the forfeiture which had been incurred. The House bill of the former session, which has been referred to, also excepted from this forfeiture another of them, viz.: the Tennessee and Alabama Central Railroad, which is now known as the Nashville and Decatur road. In view of these facts, it is highly probable that efforts will be made to have each and all of the Congressional grants herein cited, revived; and, indeed, Governor Smith of Alabama did, in his letter of January 29th, 1869, to Senator Pomeroy, initiate such efforts in behalf of two other of these railroads, known respectively as the Will's Valley and the Northeastern and the Southwestern Railroads. Besides, about the same time that these subsidies were accorded to Alabama, similar grants of lands for like purposes and upon like terms, were made by Congress to the States of Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana. These grants, too, have been forfeited, and the same policy which dictated the passage of the bill last winter would likewise justify other bills for their revival. Thus the disposition of many thousand square miles of the public lands, including some of the most fertile portions of our Southern territory, is at issue in this matter. Under these circumstances, and in consideration of the manifold interests involved in its adjustment, we beg leave to express the hope that each and all of those interests will be carefully considered by Congress before that adjustment is arrived at.

We trust, too, that no hostility upon our part towards railroads will be inferred from what we have thus far expressed. We cheerfully acknowledge their high importance as an instrumentality for the promotion of civilization and of national growth and prosperity. But, while making this acknowledgment, and while freely admitting that upon this account railroads richly deserve the fostering care of the Government, we would take occasion to suggest, that this fostering care should be bestowed in such a manner as to prevent them from overshadowing, in their development, other interests which have claims equally good for a share of the light and warmth to be derived from beneficient legislation. We readily own that in making this suggestion we are somewhat sensitive; but we hold that our duty as journalists, expected to look especially after the interests of a specific class of the American people, requires that we should be thus sensitive. Speaking, then, in the interests of that latest acknowledged element in American citizenship, the freedmen, we urge that the revival of these grants for railroad purposes, simply upon the conditions and provisos contained in the orignal grants, will tend to the monoply of lands which should be thrown open for acquisition by the recently emancipated laborers of the soil. It is said that those lands "were in the market for many years at the minimum price of twelve and a half cents per acre and found no purchasers." But, during all those years, the laboring classes of the States thus benefitted were debarred from the ownership not only of their own homes, but even of their own bones and muscles.

Now the times are changed, and those toiling thousands, proud in the consciousness of being their own proprietors, eagerly covet, as the crowning proof of their restored manhood, the possession of their own little farms. Let it not be said that the lands covered by these railroad grants are valueless for agricultural purposes. True it is, indeed, that those which lie in the more elevated portions of these States are not adapted, like others of a less altitude, to the culture of the great Southern staple, cotton; but yet they offer to the industrious husbandman no parsimonious soil. They do not frown down upon his unavailing efforts from rugged and inaccessible mountain ranges; and even if they do veil beneath their green and smiling hillsides rich stores of iron and coal, of marble and granite, they have not been chary in their promises of abundant crops of wheat and corn, and other products of our temperate latitudes—promises which in the coming days will, without doubt, be right royally kept. Those lands are offered now by Columbia as a choice banquet to the longing freedmen; but these forfeited railroad grants swoop down, as did the Harpies upon the table of Eneas, to befoul and break up the feast.

Portions of those lands have been occupied and improved by freedmen in the hope and expectation that Congress would declare its former grants of them forfeited, and throw them open to actual settlers under the provisions of the homestead law. Surely the hopes and expectations of those poor but loyal toilers are more deserving of consideration than are those of Northern capitalists, who saw fit to relieve the original grantees by purchasing from them franchises, forfeited even then by lapse of time, but previously to that period by red-handed rebellion.

If, however, these lands are not to be thrown open to actual settlers under the provisions of the homestead law—if the grants of them for railroad purposes are to be revived—then we respectfully but earnestly urge, in behalf of the millions of citizens for whom we are authorized to speak, that these revivals be made under such limitations and restrictions as shall prevent the establishment of a land monopoly, and of its inevitable sequence, an aristocracy of class; evils under which our Southern States long labored, and of which they are still garnering the bitter fruit. We shall not presume to do more now than to indicate the character and aim of those limitations and restrictions, confident, as we are, that their devising can safely be left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress.

But, in conclusion, we hesitate not to assert our belief that, under such a revival of the land grants for railroad purposes as we have hinted at, the interests of capital and of labor, now too antagonistic, would be harmonized; that the equalization of landed possessions, so necessary to the preservation of a nation's tranquility, would be thereby greatly promoted; and that at the same time miles upon miles of railroads would be constructed, thus securing increase to the population, and stimulating it to industry in mining, in manufacturing, and in commercial enterprise, as well as in the culture of cotton and of every other crop indicated by soil and climate.

THE SITUATION IN TENNESSEE.

LETTER FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Washington, D. C., January 31st, 1870.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Through the public press of Tennessee we have an acknowledgment at last of the truth concerning the Ku-Klux outrages, which have for two years past desolated that State. *The Banner*, always a strong, conservative sheet, in common with all other conservative journals in that State, has turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to the most atrocious outrages on inoffensive people, in an editorial, in its issue of January 22d, acknowledges to have "helped cloak these villainies as long as conscience will permit," and comes out,—in a style of what Mark Twain would call "vigorous journalism,"—against them. A frank acknowledgment of wrong and repentance, though tardy, deserves respect and commendation; for even an eleventh-hour repentance is better than none. Now that its eyes are annointed with this new light, the *Banner* says: "We have been astounded that a general feeling of insecurity, and a sense of public indignation has not arisen to put down this scoundrelism in our State;" declares that the operations of these "cowardly miscreants in disguise" are not confined to backwoods, or mountain fastnesses, but the most brutal and shocking murders occur almost within sound of the church-bells of Nashville; deplores the state of society when "we can even listen to the recitals of wanton murders without being shocked," and acknowledges that such acts even find a quasi-apologist who will seek to justify it upon some trivial pretext or other;"—and pledges itself, henceforth to endeavor to give the fullest and minutest details, time, place, and as nearly as possible the descriptions of the persons, who may be engaged in such acts; "persons in disguise or otherwise, whether white or black, radical or anti-radical, and to use all diligence to bring out the whole truth."

It scouts the objections made by some to the bill of Mr. Neil for the purpose of suppressing these outrages, offered in the Tennessee General Assembly, as being too severe for "blood thirsty miscreants," and "inhuman monsters;" and states that if all the victims who have been murdered in this way, "now so seemingly fashionable," during the past year, had been left hanging to the trees, or riddled with bullets upon the roadside, the State "would stink in the very nostrils of their constituents, so that, in case the Bill should fail, a new representation would be demanded."

Mr. Fowler's declarations in the Senate the other day of the peaceful condition of affairs in Tennessee are thus flatly contradicted, not only by the press of that State, but by private parties arriving from there, and also by letters received from persons representing all shades of political belief.

There are quite a large number of native Tennesseans in the city at present, who have left the State terrified at the outrages that prevailed, and are seeking office or some employment which will support them outside the State. One of these has been appointed Consul to the West Indies.

Take a single county, that of Rutherford, where Rosecrans and Gen. Thomas fought the battle of Stone River. At Smyrna a negro was taken out of a church by a band of armed men who tried to hang him, and made a failure of it. The victim broke away, at last, and ran back into the sanctuary, where the disguised assassins followed and shot him. The following letter is from a wealthy and conservative gentleman. The Attorney-General mentioned is a nephew of Col. Stokes., M. C., and a Democrat:—

"The criminal court has just closed at this place. While here, the Attorney-General said to us that there had been six murders which had occurred within a month in a secret and clandestine manner, so that the parties were not discovered; and in the midst of the session of the court two foul murders took place, one at Smyrna, and the other near; one, a negro man, who had been living with J. R. Dillin for three years, and who gave him a good name; and Marble, (a white man). Poor Marble, he had been a member of Stoke's Cavalry; that is crime enough to take any one to the 'swinging limb.'

"Let us hope that there is a prospect, at least, of some recognition of the sacredness of human life."

J. H H.

THE VIRGINIA DEBATE IN THE SENATE —SUMNER AND TRUMBULL.

Grace Greenwood in a *Tribune* letter from Washington writes:

On Tuesday, on my way to Lincoln Hall, I dropped into the Senate, that pit into which I fling so many golden hours—found Mr. Stewart speaking, lingered, till Mr. Sumner rose to reply, and then stayed. I even heard a portion of the reply of a certain nice-looking young Senator, of the Democratic persuasion—if that may be called a reply which does not meet a speech at any point. This last effort, evidently prepared with considerable study, not to say *malice prepense*, was directly aimed at the Senator from Massachusetts, who, when he seemed at all conscious of the demonstration, watched it with the utmost coolness and placidity, or with only the slightest possible look of annoyance. We were reminded of the story of a stout backwoodsman, who, seeing a revolver of the latest pattern in the hands of a beligerent young gentleman, shook his head warningly, with a "Look here, stranger, if you should shoot me with that little thing, *and I should ever find it out*, I'd thrash you like blazes."

We, up aloft, have been daily amused at the concerted (if anything in that Senate can be said to be concerted) protest and rebellion against what is called the "domination" of Senator Sumner. What's the use? A man never gets such a position as that in any body of men by the mere force of an arrogant will. There must be something far stronger and more enduring behind it. After all, if more imperious, Mr. Sumner is less petulant than some of his opponents and rivals. He sometimes storms, but he does not scold—he strikes good hard blows, but he does not worry or scratch. As read, his speeches are not more overbearing than those of other Senators. The domination is an affair of manner—personality. Is it altogether a fault that he is so terribly in earnest? Is he to blame that he stands like Saul among his brethren? or for the grand, craggy character of his face, which would be forbidding, but for the frequent sunlight of a smile of rare sweetness. If there is coercion in his tones, it is the coercion of thorough conviction. What is his supremacy, or assumption in the Senate, to the heavy autocracy of Webster, or the splendid arrogance of Clay, or the stupendous egotism of Benton, or the worrying, bullying pertinacity of Douglas? If domination there must be, I should think there would be consolation in being dominated not only by brain and will, but by rare culture, unquestionable honesty, and sound morality. * *

Jan. 22.—Yesterday I reached the Senate just in time to hear Mr. Trumbull's attack upon Mr. Sumner. It was a terrible outpouring of personal and political animosity. I think there were few Republicans in that Chamber, at least of the old Anti-Slavery sort, who were not reminded by it of that other attack on the great Senator of Massachusetts, in the spring of 1856. If there are "looks which are daggers," there are words which are bludgeons. Such words yesterday descended heavy and fast on the head whose blood once stained the old Senate floor—on the head grown gray in the service of our country and of humanity. Surely Mr. Trumbull could not have been conscious of the full bitterness and force of his language—of the fury and ferocity of his manner.

HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN.

It has been with much regret that, from time to time during the past year, we have noticed statements, especially in Western journals, of Mr. Julian's failing health, and his probable inability to accept a re-nomination and reëlection to Congress. We have suspected that it was more the purpose of these Western editors to get Mr. Julian out of Congress, if possible, than any particular concern otherwise on their part in regard to his health. We are much gratified to be authoritatively assured, that his health, which, from over-work, has been impaired, is greatly improved; and that he will again be a candidate for Congress from the District which he has so long, and so ably and faithfully represented. We find in *The Indiana Radical* a Card from Mr. Julian to his constituents from which we quote the following, hoping and assuming that his re-nomination will be equivalent to to his reëlection to a post of duty from which at present he could illy be spared:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For the past few months I have feared, at times, that failing health would compel me to give up public life for a season, if not finally. This apprehension however has yielded, under strong indications of complete restoration and the encouraging advice of physicians; and I now again offer myself as a candidate for the duties and responsibilities of a representative of the people. I believe I shall be able to make the canvass, and to discharge my public duties should I be elected; and if I did not think so I certainly would accept the rest and solace of private life. My decision of this matter, I dare say, will not be entirely satisfactory to certain politicians and newspapers, in the district and out of it. They will probably still insist that my health has failed hopelessly, and refuse to be comforted; but I hope they will pardon me for exhausting my strength in the service of my constituents, and I exhort them not to give me up. Perhaps they would be prepared to submit, with a good measure of cheerful resignation, to any dispensation that would take me entirely out of the politics of the district; but I do not think it advisable to put their virtue to the test. * * *

Of my conduct as your public servant I need not speak. My record is well-known to my constituents, and they have repeatedly and uniformly approved it. Even my political enemies do not charge me with recreancy or unfaithfulness to my trust; nor do I any longer hear it urged that the principle of rotation in office should thrust me aside for a new man, necessarily less trained in the duties of legislation, and less certainly trustworthy on the sure test of actual trial. So far as I can discover, the sole ground of opposition to my re-nomination is, that I am not *available* as a candidate. Of course any other candidate would would unite all my friends and enemies in perfect and sweet accord, and thus render success certain; but I cannot be elected! This is an old and very familiar acquaintance. It salutes me regularly every two years, and is always certain to re-appear. Those who urge it are undoubted believers in the doctrine of final perseverance. It has been insisted upon in every contest during the past ten years, and in every one of them I have nailed it to the counter by my triumph at the polls. I take leave to repeat what I said in a circular to the people two years ago, that I have been constantly growing *more* "available," while the opposition to me has been steadily losing its power. The political record will show that in the contest of two years ago the Republicans were far better united in my support than in any previous struggle. In the majority of the counties of the District I ran close along with the State ticket, going ahead of it in one of them. The chief apparent disaffection was at the south poll in Richmond; and in that case I have proved, by the voters at that poll, that the ballot-box was stuffed with spurious tickets, by which it was hoped to defeat me. Let it be remembered also, that in the race this year, by virtue of the Fifteenth Amendment, some five to eight hundred Republican voters will probably be added to our strength, which I am sure would be cast for me quite as unitedly as for any one of my competitors. If I am not available, it is because men calling themselves Republicans, who participate in our nominations and are honorably bound thereby, will afterwards combine with our political foes in the use of fair means and foul; and if the flag of Republicanism in the District is to be lowered at the dictation of these men, then present defeat and future demoralization will very probably be the result. My appeal is to the honest, fair minded voters who have sustained me in former conflicts. Judging by the past, I shall not appeal to them in vain. The contest, I know will be bitter, and outside aid, I have no doubt will be lent to the opposition. The unseen hand of Congressional lobbyists whom I have offended, will be felt in attempts to corrupt the politics of the District and subsidise its press. These and kindred influences will be employed freely, but I do not believe they will prevail. I propose, at any rate, to make the fight; and should I fail, through any such appliances, either in the nomination or election, I should count myself not in any wise dishonored by defeat.

Perhaps I ought to add, in conclusion, that the real problems of our National politics are not yet fully solved. The great work of re-construction is not consummated, and will not be, until education and homesteads, the handmaids of the ballot, shall be secured to the freedmen and white loyalists of the South. The Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution, defining who are citizens of the United States, and making it the right and duty of the central government to give them national protection in return for national allegiance, opens up to Congress a new and grand field of jurisdiction, and points the way to the true remedy for rebel outrages in the name of State Rights. The question of our National Land policy must also be further and more thoroughly dealt with, while the somewhat related question of our Indian policy is scarcely less important. The questions of finance, of trade, of labor, of monopoly and plunder on the one side, and the just rights of the people on the other, are all to be met; and I think it fair to assume that the Radicalism which carried the country safely through the late civil war, can best be trusted with the settlement of these issues. Not conservatism, but Progress, must still be the watchword. Very respectfully,

Geo. W. Julian.

Washington, D. C. January 22d, 1870.

HOW THE NEGROES LEGISLATE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

FIFTEEN BLACKS IN THE STATE SENATE—PARLIAMENTARY TACTICS—THE PERSONNEL OF THE HOUSE—THE ABLEST DISPUTANT AND PARLIAMENTARY LEADER.

From the Franklin Repository.

Here the Slave is now the Master; the Bondman is the Law giver. Here has been fulfilled that singular prophecy ventured by Jefferson soon after his retirement from the Presidency. Speaking of the crime of slavery, he said, "that considering numbers, native and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events, and it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest."

I walked leisurely along the broad streets of Columbia, to the imposing, but still unfinished Capitol of South Carolina. The softest breezes of Northern spring-time greeted me, and the beautiful magnolia mock-orange, firs, and other evergreens, seemed to proclaim perpetual summer. The streets are crowded with motley groups of whites and blacks, and on the modest elevation that fixes the centre of the main avenue stands the point of attraction—the Capitol with the Legislature in session. I entered the vast rotunda, and passed on to the legislative halls, to witness the deliberations of the novel Legislature of reconstructed South Carolina.

THE SENATE HALL,

designed to echo the eloquence of the Hamptons, the Rhetts, the Hammonds, and other distinguished sons of chivalry, has been fitted up in modest elegance, and eighteen whites and fifteen negroes fill its chairs. As a body, it is but little below some Northern Senates I have seen, in point of intelligence, and among its members are able men of both races. Mr. Corbins, the President, is a very able lawyer and debater, and perhaps the commanding intellect of all the contributions from the North to the statesmanship of South Carolina. He is well appreciated, too, as he is Senator U. S. District Attorney, and codifier of the laws, and fills all with credit. Senator Jillson, another son of New England, is a gentleman of culture, and is State Commissioner of Education, as well as legislator. Senator Leslie is an ex-New York Democrat and ex-Democratic legislator from Brooklyn. He is now a Republican Senator, and State Land Commissioner. These doubly or trebly honored gentlemen are not singular, however. There was a lack of white material when the wheels of government were put in motion, and it became an agreeable necessity for an number to accept multiplied offices. Mr. Moses, Speaker of the House, is Adjutant General; and Mr. Nagle, Comptroller General; Mr. Tomlinson, Auditor General; Mr. Elliott, Assistant Adjutant General, and Mr. Stolbrand, Superintendent of the Penitentiary, are all commissioned State officers, and members of the House.

THE MOST NOTABLE NEGRO,

in the Legislature is Senator Wright. He is a full-blooded negro, of medium size, with a finely chiseled face, and a handsomely developed head. He came here with the certificate and seal of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania as an attorney-at-law. His features and form are fairly Caucasian in all save color, and he speaks fluently and forcibly. He is eminent for his integrity, and devotes himself intelligently and earnestly to the advancement of his race and State. On the right of the Chamber sits a tall, gaunt, full-blooded negro, black as midnight, with the regular Southern negro dialect, and the awkard gait of a field-hand. He is Senator Nash, the representative of the Capitol District, and successor to Wade Hampton. He is quite intelligent, although entirely uneducated, and was, in olden times, the best hotel porter in Columbia. Senator Cain sits near the centre aisle, and boasts of no discount on his African blood. He is a tolerable debater, and an ardent preacher of the Methodist persuasion. A little in front of him sits Senator Swails, a light quadroon, and a hasty graduate of the country free-schools of the Cumberland Valley. He is doubtless remembered by many of the citizens of Chambersburg. He writes a beautiful hand, and speaks quite intelligently.

THE HOUR OF NOON

is indicated by the plain mahogany circular clock above the door, and the Senate is called to order. A very plain, jet black, white chokered man stepped up on the Speaker's stand, and called the Senators to their devotions. A more simple, beautiful, and appropriate prayer I have never heard than Chaplain Adams offered for his dubious flock, and strickened Commonwealth. Routined legislation followed, and I turned to take a look at the popular branch of the Legislature. It sits in the spacious Library room of the new Capitol, temporarily appropriated to the purpose, and a large gallery is usually crowded with negroes, watching with intense interest the maiden efforts of their representative brethren as law makers. Speaker Moses is in the chair, and he presides with great dignity and ability. He is an Israelite, and an enthusiast. From an extreme rebel he has transformed himself into an extreme Republican. As a staff officer of Gov. Pickens, he was accorded the honor of hoisting the Confederate flag over Fort Sumter when Anderson surrendered, and now he presides over the first Republican Legislature. His father was a rebel commissioner to persuade North Carolina to join in secession, and now he administers the Republican laws in hearty sympathy as Chief Justice of the State.

THE SPEAKER

vacated the chair, and a stout, finely formed negro took his place and presided very gracefully. He is Mr. Whinner of Charleston, a Michigan waif, that came with the war and lodged when the army was disbanded. His face is round, full, and well drawn. If covered with a white skin and flaxen hair, his features would be called more than ordinarily good. He is the Patrick Henry of the House as an orator; but his want of culture mars the beauty of his sentences. He is a lawyer, and aspires to the vacant seat on the Supreme Bench, as does Senator Wright. Mr. Elliott, a Massachusetts negro of full blood, is perhaps

THE ABLEST DISPUTANT AND PARLIAMENTARY LEADER

on the colored side of the House. I saw him lead in a desperate struggle of two days, in support of a bill that was fought desperately by fillibustering, and he managed it with great skill until he covered his efforts with success. Capt. Small, the hero of the "Planter" during the war, is also a member. He is a stout, burly mulatto, and his face indicates considerable intelligence and great decision of purpose. Purvis is a neat, slender mulatto, and hails from Philadelphia, where his father is well-known as one of the most successful financial princes of his race. The son is the negro Beau Brummel of the House—dresses very tastefully, and parts his soft waving hair in the middle. He is an active and influential member and speaks well. De Large is a dumpy, little quadroon, a fluent but not very forcible talker, and has a passion for the floor. He was a steward in the rebel navy during the war. Cook, of Greenville, is a very genteel mulatto, and a quiet but efficient member. He is a son of his former master, and long struggled to free himself from bondage. He saved fifteen hundred dollars, by sixpences and shillings earned after labor hours, and offered it in vain for his liberty. Finally rebellion brought emancipation, and his savings gave him a comfortable home.

The House is nearly two-thirds negroes,

WHO WERE ONCE SLAVES,

and every possible shade is to be found. There are half-a-dozen members who would readily pass for pure whites, but they were South Carolina slaves only a few years ago. Mr. Tomlinson, a Philadelphia Quaker, and an offshoot of the Bureau, is the ablest white man on the floor, and one of the most vigilant and faithful members in either branch. Close to him sit Gen. Dennis and Mr. Jenks, two of the able political leaders of the House. In the front row is the patriarch of the Legislature—an old native white preacher, his head bleached by the frosts of more than seventy winters. On each side of the Speaker sits a bright mulatto clerk and close by is Mr. Etter, the reporter. In the gallery sits the first negro in South Carolina, with his sprightly quadroon wife by his side. Mr. Cardozo, the Secretary of State, is a robust, full-faced mulatto, and everything about him indicates the highest culture. His father and master was an officer of customs in Charleston, and gave him a complete education in Scotland. He was regularly ordained as a minister, and was pastor of a New England congregation for some years before the war. Gen. Howard has urged him to accept a professorship in the Lincoln University, but he wisely prefers to serve his long oppressed race in South Carolina. He is highly respected by all classes, and exerts a most salutary influence in all matters pertaining to the interests of the blacks. If he desired to fill the Executive chair of his State, or a seat in Congress, either would be conceded to him without a serious struggle; but for the present he is content to continue as Secretary of State. It is not improbable, however, that on the 4th of March, 1871, Mr. Cardoza, once the slave of South Carolina, may appear at the bar of the United States Senate to qualify as the representative of the chivalry in the first legislative tribunal of the nation.

A. K. McClure.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 12th, 1870.

STATE CONVENTION OF COLORED PEOPLE IN TENNESSEE.

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.

After having duly considered our present condition in this State—in meetings called for that purpose, in Middle, East and West Tennessee, for the purpose of devising means to bring about a better understanding among our people, we find it necessary to call them together in Convention, to meet in the city of Nashville, on the 21st day of February, 1870, to take into consideration such measures as are calculated to improve our condition.

The counties are requested to send in a full delegation, to be regulated to suit themselves, in accordance with their circumstances. The delegates are requested to bring in all the information that can be obtained, on Schools, on Farming, on Wages per month and per year, on Contracts and their fulfillment, on treatment of hands, on Crimes and Arrests and Convictions. In fact, a report, as far as can be obtained, on our condition in every department of life.

Hoping that all who feel an interest in the advancement of this people will give this call their hearty support: [Signed]

Middle Tennessee.—Wm. Butler, Geo. Carter,

Anderson Cheatham, Randal Brown, R. D. Campbell, A. W. McConnell, Edward Woods, T. J. Bell, Adam Young, J. M. Shelton.

East Tennessee.—E. D. Livingston, Jno. Dugan, J. B. Young, A. B. Parker, W. B. Scott, Jas. Goings, Wesley Stewart, A. E. Anderson, Wiley Mabery, Chas. Walker.

West Tennessee.—W. T. Kennedy, Warner Madison, Edward Lee, G. S. Hayden, Edward Shaw, M. Wilson, J. H. Sailor, H. Trowbridge, Giles Roberts, H. H. Harris.

LETTER TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER FROM MISS PUTNAM.

LOTTSBURG, NORTHUMBERLAND, Co., Va., January, 24th, 1870

HON. CHARLES SUMNER—*Dear Sir*:—I see by the debates in the Senate that the application of the oath of the Fourteenth Amendment is supposed by members to disqualify the Rebels elect to the Virginia Legislature. I beg to call your attention to the fact that it does *not*.

These delegates were selected with wonderful subtlety, and I am informed by the chosen loyal delegate, from Lancaster, (our adjoining County), that only *a very few*, scarcely any delegate to either House, would be unseated, by the oath of the Fourteenth Amendment. The oath of July, 1862, (Iron-clad) would probably reach many cases.

The delegate from this County (Haynie) was a magistrate during the war of the Confederacy—but if he had not been before the war, and taken the oath to support United States Constitution he would still be eligible under the Fourteenth Amendment.

The rebels knew all this, and chose such men as they could find to suit, and you will see they are not greatly disquieted by the prospect of the oath of Fourteenth Amendment being exacted.

B. G. Haynie, the man chosen from this county to the Legislature, was a magistrate of the *Confederacy*, but if he had not been previously one under the United States Constitution he could still take this oath! I suppose the "Iron-Clad" oath of July, 1862, might exclude him.

The prayer of all the struggling palpitating loyalty, I know, in Virginia, white and black, is, to Congress to "keep the State out!" Though it is so fearful of the great power of the Administration thrown against it that it dare not cry out as I do. A poor magistrate in this (county of military appointment), holds his office in fear of his life. He told me he did not dare sign a petition to Congress to keep the State out though nothing would rejoice him more, and he knew it was our only safety.

With most grateful and sincere thanks,

CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

STANTON.

THE following characteristic notice of the death of Mr. STANTON we take from the Memphis (Tenn.) *Avalanche*. It illustrates the spirit of the yet unregenerate, unreconstructed, Rebel Democracy of the South, and will forcibly remind our readers of the old-time articles of Southern journalists formerly presented in THE STANDARD'S "Pro-Slavery" department, and in *The Liberator's* "Refuge of Oppression."

STANTON.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

A bad man has gone to his long account. A villain has shuffled off this mortal coil. A despot has kicked the bucket. There was great rejoicing in Pandemonium yesterday. Since that eventful day when Adam and Eve manufactured clothes out of fig leaves, there have been many large gatherings in hell and on earth. But the cavalcade that turned out in the infernal regions to greet E. M. Stanton, who died yesterday, was, in all probability, the largest that ever paid tribute to a congenial spirit. Stevens had been awarded the premium for being the biggest sinner in all purgatory, and he is no doubt now jealous of Stanton, who he knows will put in for the medal with a good prospect of winning it. That mawkish sentimentality which would throw the mantle of oblivion over the misdeeds of dead rascals, cannot be observed in chronicling the death of E. M. Stanton. The most exquisite tortures served Stanton enjoyment. The tyranny of Tiberius was forgotten in his enormities. He revelled for several years in torturing all over whom he had power; but when he offended heaven by hanging an innocent woman like a dog, God visited him with His righteous anger, and since the consummation of this atrocious deed Stanton's physical system commenced decaying and breaking up; and without a single tie on earth, destitute of all belief in the Christian religion, he died, and a little soul steeped in sin went to the devil. In nature he was revengeful and malignant, and so stubborn in opinion that he rarely changed his views or relinquished a purpose. He was as remorseless and cruel in disposition as a Camanche Indian; and joyously and without a shudder would have turned the Southern people over to massacre, and their homes to desolation. He was serene, not from philosophy, but from temperament and torpor. He belonged eminently to the animals known as cold bloods. No impulses ever stirred the feeble and sluggish currents of his moral and mental nature. To call him a brute would be a libel upon the dog. Of humanity he was destitute. He was servile; he was cowardly. The manner of his death showed the finger of retribution. He hungered for blood, for a position that would enable him to bedevil a defenseless people. A President as mean and malignant as himself, appointed him United States Supreme Court Judge. This power caused the fiend to burst into wild and demoniac laughs. But that God who would not permit the builders to occupy the impious tower on the plains of Shinar, smote the unctious scoundrel so that he died. Nearly all the conspirators against the life of Mrs. Surratt have been blotted from the world they disgraced. Conover was consigned to the Penitentiary, and Andrew Johnson was sent into private life. Holt still lives, but he prays for death. Stanton has gone, and Holt will soon follow, for not more certainly is he burned who puts his hand in the flames, than is he punished who commits a moral wrong. The wicked man's "sins will find him out." It is not an agreeable duty to inscribe this true character of an infamous public man on his tomb; but it is an imperative duty. Speak nothing but the truth of the dead. Stanton, the infamous, is drinking molten iron, trading in pyrotechnics, and broiling in a heated furnace, and the people rejoice.

ELECTION OF A NEGRO TO THE SUPREME BENCH OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, Feb. 3.—The election of Jonathan J. Wright, a colored man, to the position of Associate Justice upon the bench of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, which occurred on Tuesday, is an event of no ordinary importance. The position is that formerly held by S. L. Hoge, whose election to Congress left it vacant. This Court consists of three Judges—Chief-Justice Moses, (father of the Speaker of the House of Representatives), a native of the State; Associate Justice Willard from New York; and Associate Justice Wright (colored) from Pennsylvania.

Judge Jonathan J. Wright is said to have been born in Pennsylvania, and is about forty years of age. He was graduated at the Lancasterian University of New York; studied law for nearly two years at Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn., and a year at Wilkesbarre, in the same State; he was, just before the war, admitted to the practice of law at Montrose, being the first man of his race admitted to the bar of Pennsylvania. In 1865 he came to South Carolina as an attaché to the Freedmen's Bureau under Gen. Howard, and was employed as an adviser in law to the freedmen about Beaufort. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1868, and under the new Constitution was elected to the General Assembly as a Senator from Beaufort County, in which capacity he has served up to the present time. He has always been known as a man of temperate views and pleasant countenance, and is very often heard upon the Senate floor. He enjoys the reputation of being the best educated negro in the South, standing in this respect infinitely ahead of his opponent—William J. Whinner of Michigan, also colored—who is sadly deficient. Judge Wright is apparently what is known as a black quadroon—one who is three-fourths negro—his features being of a more Caucasian cast than his skin, which is quite dark.

The scene at the election on Tuesday was remarkable for its intense feeling and personal partisanship. By common consent the General Assembly, white and black, had settled down into the conclusion to elect a negro; and, that question being settled, the only one remaining was whom to elect. The Republicans were nearly equally divided between Wright and Whinner; so that the turning of the scale was in the hands of the small Democratic minority of twenty votes. Elaborate speeches were made upon the merits of the two rivals. When the voting was over the confusion became far worse; so that, in fine, the President of the joint Assembly, unable to put a motion or control the attention of the House upon any subject, dissolved the convention of the two Houses with his gavel; and the Senate retired to their chamber without formality. Yesterday Judge Wright resigned his seat in the Senate and qualified as Judge; and to-day he is sitting on the Supreme Bench, at the left of Chief-Justice Moses.

Judge Wright is the first one of his race who has ever held a like position among white men.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

RECONSTRUCTION—THE NEXT PHASE.

GEORGIA, as a "provisional" State, has ratified the Fifteenth Amendment. Twenty-eight States have now ratified, and though not yet officially promulgated, the Amendment is assured. The official proclamation will doubtless be delayed until Georgia and Mississippi, both as yet "provisional" States, shall have been admitted to Congressional representation; and very likely also until after the meeting of the Nebraska Legislature and the ratification of the Amendment by that body. The Nebraska Legislature, we believe, is to assemble on the fifteenth instant; of its favorable action there is no doubt. Its affirmative vote will be one more than is necessary, but the Secretary of State will probably prefer to wait for it, because it will remove any possible ground for political quibbling on the part of the Sham-Democracy, on account of the recent action of the New York Legislature, in rescinding the previous ratification. Texas will furnish still another vote to fortify, in place of Indiana, should there be any question as to the legality of the ratification in that State. Half a million colored voters, now disfranchised because of color, await only this final adjustment, the admission of the two "provisional" States, the action of Nebraska, to render assurance doubly sure, and then the Secretary's promulgation of the Amendment, to become equal citizens before the law.

We disapprove of the speedy admission of Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas, for the same reasons as in the case of Virginia, and each of the rebellious States. Mr. Sumner's proposition for a prolonged territorial rule for each, keeping them for an indefinite period under the direct control of the National government, would have been far wiser, and more immediately auspicious in its results for all classes. But the necessities of the situation will lead, at last, by a more oppressive, tedious method, to a kindred result. The rebels of the South, their political party allies of the North, and the weak-kneed, dough-face Republicans, of whom there are a few left, seem to suppose that when once these rebellious States have been readmitted to Congressional representation the reconstruction period will have ended. They delusively anticipate a revival of the old-time sway of Southern State sovereignty. They cannot too soon have their minds disabused. Reconstruction will not have ended with the readmission of the rebellious States. It will be seen that the relation of the States to the Union is to be, so far, especially, as citizenship is concerned, quite otherwise than in past years. There will be the same uniformity throughout the Union, as in currency, and the same right of national scrutiny and protection, in any and every State, for the ballot as for the bank-note. The necessities of government, if our nationality is to be preserved, render this inevitable. Without this national supervision and protection the ballot in the hands of the loyal voters of the South, colored and white, will avail them little or nothing. Nor, in its absence, will the majority rule long be respected in the North. Practically there is now no such thing as republican or truly democratic government in the State of New York. The ward politicians and the dram shops of this city not only rule the city, but they control the entire State as well. The facility with which voters are manufactured to order here, and no adequate power outside of the State to cope with the corruption, renders the periodical election no better than a farce. Presently those who with impunity thus tamper with the ballot here, if unchecked, will, on another line, seek to control the national government, as well. It is said that the small number of twenty-seven thousand votes, rightly distributed in certain States, at the last election would have defeated Grant and elected Seymour. To have provided that number of votes here in this city would have been a very small day's work. The increased, direct, national supervisory power authorized by the Constitutional Amendments, does not therefore come a day too soon. Upon its prompt and efficient exercise depends the preservation of nationality itself. With Georgia, Mississippi and Texas readmitted, and the Fifteenth Amendment officially proclaimed, Reconstruction does not therefore end. Upon Congress will still rest the responsibility of vindicating in those States, and henceforth in all the States, the rights of citizenship for all loyal citizens. Otherwise the Amendments will themselves be of non-effect, and the victory, both of the battle-field and of legislation, will be barren of good results.

The elections, involving not alone the welfare of a single State, but of the nation, must not be allowed to pass without scrutiny. Tennessee is a case in point. The last election in that State, on the showing of well-known, loyal citizens, was a wholesale rebel fraud. Congress will be derelict in duty to allow it to pass unchallenged. One result of that election in which the interests of all are involved, as well as those of the people of Tennessee, is the election of a United States Senator. We demand that that Senator be not allowed to take a seat in the Senate of the United States until the Tennessee election has been made the subject of thorough Congressional investigation. If the statements of Mr. Stokes, Mr. Maynard Mr. Blackburn and others as to wholesale fraud, violence and intimidation are verified, if there is no other way of meeting the difficulty, the present local government must be set aside altogether, and the State remanded to provisional, national control. Without the prompt exercise of this new constitutional power on the part of Congress, at the next Presidential election the enemies of the national government will achieve by intimidation and fraud at the polls the victory they were not strong enough to win on the battle field.

Reconstruction must therefore go on indefinitely. We commend the case of Tennessee to the immediate attention of Senators and Representatives; and we urge the early perfection of the requisite machinery to exercise henceforth, in all elections involving the choice of members of Congress, and of president and vice-president, national supervision and scrutiny against fraud, and protection for the citizen in the exercise of his political rights, irrespective of color. In this we have in mind not only the loyal citizens of the South, who may justly claim such protection of the national government; but also a legitimate and necessary means of restraint in such cities as New York, where notoriously, the ballot-box is no longer allowed any legitimate voice as the medium of citizen suffrage. The exercise of military force to any considerable increased extent will not be necessary to perfect this reconstruction in its ultimate and far-reaching details. It is for Congress to determine the means by which its authority shall be rendered effective. There are peaceful methods not a few. We have already spoken of the value and importance of helping the landless and dependent colored voters of the Southern States to help themselves to land and homesteads. We shall recur to this subject again. Nor can we here more than allude to the important auxilliary of Education.

With the abolition of chattelism, the guarantee in the fundamental law of the nation of impartial suffrage, so far as color is concerned, the door opens wider than ever before for rapid future national progress. Have we the statesmanship equal to our new opportunities and corresponding responsibilities?

THE NEW YORK HERALD—FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

THE New York *Herald* is quick to indicate the controlling tendency in public opinion. Without any regard to its own consistency, it opposes and subsequently advocates measures according to its discernment of the popular tendency of opinion. It is often shrewd enough to see and announce these tendencies in advance of its daily contemporaries. It opposed the abolition of slavery, and afterward approved emancipation. It opposed the enfranchisement of colored citizens, and then gave its support to the Fifteenth Amendment. It now sees and proclaims the broader scope of the Fifteenth Amendment in its application even to such political treachery as renders the ballot-box worthless in this city. On Wednesday last, in an article on the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, the *Herald* significantly says:

"The most important information received of the doings or designs of Congress yesterday is the report that Gen. Butler of the House Reconstruction Committee, has been authorized to bring in a bill to carry into effect the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and the General Disability or General Amnesty bill. The provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to be carried into effect are the equal civil rights of the negroes, and of the Fifteenth the provision to be enforced is that of equal rights, regardless of race or color, in the matter of suffrage. Upon this matter this proposed bill, we expect, will be one of great importance to all the States, but especially to Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky, late border slave States, which, escaping the league of the late Southern confederacy, have escaped the pains and penalties of Congressional reconstruction. Hence they are somewhat behindhand in reference to the equal civil rights of the blacks (particularly Kentucky), and have made no concession to Sambo in the right of suffrage. How far Congress is disposed to proceed in enforcing this right we shall probably know with the introduction of Gen. Butler's bill. Congress shall have the power, says the Fifteenth Amendment, to enforce these provisions "by appropriate legislation," and this appropriate legislation may interfere very materially with the election machinery of many of the States. Such was the apprehension of the Sachems of Tammany and their special objection to this Fifteenth Amendment. Certainly, in the power to enforce equal negro suffrage Congress has a broad range of authority over the State elections; but we cannot believe that General Butler's bill will displace the election machinery, for instance, of Tammany Hall, though it may interpose some embarrassing checks and balances. Surely it will now be seen that on this Fifteenth Amendment the sovereignty of Congress is fixed, and that the States must obey."

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN TENNESSEE.

THE late fraudulent, rebellious and revolutionary election in Tennessee has called up a ghost which will not down at the bidding of the representatives of the present illegal, sham government in that State. Moved not unlikely by apprehension of early National interference, Governor Senter has submitted a message to the General Assembly of Tennessee, asking for special legislation to suppress the crimes of violence which have become so fearfully prevalent. We have no faith in the efficacy of any measures which may be enacted by that body, itself a part of the rebel mob, and chosen by the help of the violence and intimidation begotten of that mob. A new election, with protection to loyal citizens, alone can create a local government at all competent to meet the wants of the State. In the absence of this we do not expect to see matters mended much, until Tennessee is remanded to the provisional condition of Georgia and Mississippi and placed directly under national control. We invite attention to the following extract from the Governor's message, from which it will be seen that what we have from time to time published in THE STANDARD concerning rebel lawlessness and violence in Tennessee, has been only too painfully true. He says:

"It is with profound regret I realize the necessity of directing your attention to the *alarmingly frequent violence to the peace and dignity of the State, in the maltreatment and even atrocious murders of her citizens by persons generally reported in disguise or unknown. Many of the State's citizens have been outraged in their privileges and persons by cruel indignities*; NOT A FEW SLAIN OUTRIGHT, *without charge of having in anywise offended the laws; while others under criminal charges have been forcibly wrested from the custody of law, and their blood deliberately shed by bodies of men without the least shadow of authority.* That these enormities can be in our midst without the perpetrators *in a single instance* being even arrested to answer for their lawless and criminal acts, demonstrates the existence of *organization* on their part, not only dangerous to the individual citizen and adverse to the public dignity, but formidable even to the public peace and safety. * * AS NOT A SINGLE ARREST HAS YET BEEN MADE *for the grossest violation of already existing laws, although such violations have been frequent, and the largest rewards allowed have been often if not invariably offered to bring to justice, it may be fairly concluded that such offenders are protected by organizations adequate, by terrorism, the force of numbers, or other means, to effect security against the ordinary civil process and officers of the law.* The public misfortune seems not so much a want of law as lack of power to enforce that we have. I recommend that our statutes be so amended that the Executive shall have power, at his discretion, to appoint, for counties where such violations of law are committed, and no arrest of the offenders made, special officers, with all of the powers of sheriffs to summon posses, make arrests, and do all like things necessary to bring offenders to justice; such officers to be commissioned as peace officers of the State, and clothed with all the protection, in exercise of their lawful powers and duties, which can be afforded officers of the law; and also, that the Executive be authorized by law to appoint and commission special prosecuting attorneys in judicial circuits where there may be, in his judgment, default on the part of the regular Attorney-General in the proper prosecution of such offenders to indictment and conviction in the courts—such appointments by the Governor to be confirmed by the Senate, if in session."

THIRTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

We give the list of contributions to our January Anniversary. As a delightful social gathering it has never been surpassed. Its pecuniary results outran our most sanguine expectations: the amount collected being FOUR THOUSAND AND TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY, BOSTON, JANUARY 26, 1870.

Lydia Maria Child,	200.00
Sarah S. Russell,	200.00
Sarah S. Russell, (July, 1869)	550.00
Wm. I. Bowditch,	100.00
Nathaniel White,	200.00
Mrs. J. Ellerton Lodge,	100.00
Henry I. Bowditch,	20.00
Mrs. Isaac Pitman,	50.00
Charles Dwight,	100.00
J. M. Forbes,	100.00
Prof. James Russell Lowell,	25.00
Lucretia Mott,	10.00
E. M. Davis,	10.00
Mary Grew,	5.00
John C. Haynes,	25.00
L. Hollingsworth,	100.00
Rev. Samuel Johnson,	5.00
A. Folsom and Wife,	25.00
L. Prang & Co.,	40.00
J. C. Lindsey,	10.00
Geo. S. Winslow,	100.00
Geo. C. Richardson,	100.00
Henry L. Peirce,	50.00
J. S. Emery,	5.00
Ann Greene Phillips,	250.00
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sargent,	100.00
James N. Buffum,	50.00
Frederick Douglass,	20.00
Seth W. Tibbetts,	5.00
J. G. Dodge,	1.00
H. S. Sheppard,	5.00
Mrs. Gwinn,	5.00
The Misses Ireson,	10.00
Mrs. Austin,	3.00
F. L. M. Henshaw,	2.00
Henry G. Denny,	10.00
A. M. and A. R. Powell,	10.00
Sarah Cowing,	5.00
G. B. Loring,	20.00
C. K. and E. C. Whipple,	2.00
Mrs. E. B. Chace,	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Greene,	5.00
Mrs. Theodore Parker,	25.00
John R. Manley,	10.00
H. C. Lewis,	5.00
H. M. Jacobs,	5.00
A Friend,	5.00
Anna Parsons,	5.00
Susan H. Cowing,	5.00
R. Y. and Lena H. Ober,	10.00
D. M. and Sophia Allen,	10.00
Mrs. C. Cowing,	5.00
Wendell Phillips,	250.00
A Friend,	5.00
Dr. Zakrezeka,	5.00
Caroline R. Putnam,	50.00
Mrs. A. Sumner,	5.00
Mrs. Cheney,	2.00
A. Friend,	3.00
Robert Adams,	5.00
R. P. and S. W. Hallowell,	5.00
A. Friend,	2.00
C. C. McLauthlin,	2.00
Charles C. Barry,	5.00
John G. Webster,	5.00
John A. Nowell,	5.00
Mrs. E. Maritt,	2.00
Mrs. Patch,	1.00
Mr. McDuffie,	2.00
Mr. S. James,	1.00
Mr. Milton Clark,	50
Cash,	10.00
F. M. B.	2.00
Miss E. Wellington,	2.00
C. Wellington,	5.00
Dr. David Thayer,	5.00
M. A. G. Otis,	3.00
James T. Allen,	5.00
E. L. Mitchell,	2.00
Edwin Thompson,	2.00
Edwin Ginn,	1.00
Lewis Ford,	1.00
Elizabeth Wilder,	1.00
Sarah A. Henshaw,	1.00
Mrs. Chester Grover,	5.00
Mrs. Anna Woolson,	1.00
A. H. Wellington,	2.00
Mr. A. B. Magoun,	5.00
P. B. Brigham,	7.00
Mr. Geo. Tuthill,	50
C. Monroe,	10.00
Cornelius Wellington,	10.00
Frederick A. Green,	5.00
Rebecca Goddard,	3.00
Matilda Goddard,	2.00
Mrs. Sarah J. Rust,	1.00
Sylvanus Smith,	1.00
Mrs. Lucy Burnham,	1.00
William Robinson,	100.00
A Friend,	30.00
Photius Fiske,	5.00
H. W. Crane,	10.00
Ellen Craft,	10.00
E. D. Rockwood,	1.00
John Carruthers,	10.00
James A. Burr,	5.00
Susan M. Burr,	5.00
Mrs. Dr. Gleason,	1.00
Mrs. T. K. Beecher,	1.00
Mary M. Davis,	5.00
Mrs. Alfred W. Haven,	1.00
Miss Esther Ford,	3.00
Mrs. Marie E. Mackaye,	10.00
Mrs. R. W. Emerson,	5.00
Seth Hunt,	4.00
Miss C. S. Perry,	10.00
Dr. E. D. Hudson,	10.00
Miss Lucy Osgood,	2.00
Martha A. Perry,	1.00
William R. Warner,	3.00
Mrs. Dr. W. S. Brown,	5.00
Mrs. N. B. Hill,	1.00
L. McLaughlin,	1.00
R. H. McLaughlin,	5.00
Abby S. Stephenson,	1.00
Mrs. J. J. Smith,	3.00
J. M. W. Yerrinton,	5.00
Louisa M. Alcott,	2.00
B. Arnold,	5.00
Dea. Henshaw,	3.00
P. C. Wheeler,	20.00
Capt. Prince S. Crowell,	1.00
Mrs. C. B. Joselin,	1.00
Sarah Clay,	2.00
Mrs. N. A. Hayward,	5.00
R. H. Ober,	5.00
L. H. Ober,	5.00
D. M. Allen,	.005
S. L. O. Allen,	2.00
Mary Willey,	1.00
Ephraim Willey,	10.00
Mrs. Andrew Robeson,	20.00
Hon. Gerrit Smith,	1.00
Mrs. Anna Hlasko,	5.00
Miss S. Thoreau,	2.00
Mrs. M. P. Osborne,	4.00
Mrs. Dr. Owen,	1.00
Samuel Hayball,	5.00
Mrs. I. C. D'Antremont,	1.00
J. M. Tillottson,	20.00
A Lady,	$10.00
Jerome Marble,	25.00
George Crompton,	25.00
Albert Curtis,	10.00
Charles Hadwin,	5.00
J. Mason,	2.00
C. A. C.,	20.00
Alex. H. Wilder,	5.00
Jos. Chase,	5.00
T. L. Nelson,	10.00
Edwin Morse,	10.00
A. H. Hammond,	10.00
Merrick Bemis,	15.00
A. G. Coes,	3.00
John Dean,	5.00
E. T. Marble,	5.00
A. P. Ware,	5.00
Lyman Taft,	10.00
J. P. Marble,	5.00
Theo. Brown,	$50.00
R. G. Hazard,	20.00
A. C. Barstow,	5.00
S. K. Rathbone,	10.00
Thos. Davis,	10.00
Seth Padelford,	10.00
J. A. Barker,	10.00
Stephen A. Jenks,	5.00
A Friend,	5.00
J. H. Chace,	10.00
Geo. C. Ballou,	5.00
Thirsby Andrews,	3.00
Mrs. C. Arnold,	77.00
Refreshment Table,	56.00
Collections at Door,	

PLEDGES.

Sarah J. Nowell,	10.00
David and Charlotte A. Joy,	25.00
Geo. J. Adams,	100.00
Geo. L. Clark,	10.00
Edward Earle,	25.00
S. D. Tourtellot,	10.00
Joseph Sargent,	20.00

THE FESTIVAL.

BOSTON, February, 1870.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE Anti-Slavery Festival this year was especially interesting to all of us as being probably the last that we should hold. We felt that the hour drew near when the Fifteenth Amendment would be fully ratified, and firmly intrenched in the Constitution, and that then, the Anti-Slavery battle, so long and faithfully fought, would at last be won. Again, as last year—for our pleasure, of course—the day of the Festival was bright and "beautiful exceedingly," although many stormy, cloudy days had preceded it; and again we met at nightfall in the pleasant Horticultural Hall, which, with its summer displays of lovely flowers and fruits, and its winter gatherings of many of the best minds and noblest hearts for the advocacy of reforms, may truly be called the temple of the Beautiful and the Good. The bountifully-laden refreshment table and its faithful attendants were, for so long a time after our early arrival, almost the sole occupants of the room, that we began to fear the meeting would be a small one, and to cast pathetic glances toward our empty money drawer. But at last the door opened and the charming face with sunny curls which gladdened our eyes was soon followed by others, old and young, grave and gay, until the room was completely filled. Many of our guests were from out of town and wisely came to sup with us, and they gathered around the little tables in pleasant converse and were waited upon by graceful girls in bright ribbons and pretty muslin aprons, who looked very bewitching as they flitted to and fro. It was deeply interesting to watch the groups among whom were many of the earliest and most faithful workers in the Anti-Slavery cause, and we thanked God that he had granted to these the rare and blessed privilege of living to see the results of their labors. One who had never before attended such a gathering said that she was much struck by the number of fine, earnest faces. This was very noticeable. The soul "shines through the face," and there were men and women there whose beautiful devotion to the wronged and outcast, whose unfailing courage and faith and sacrifice of self were plainly written on their brows. Our hearts filled with gratitude and admiration as we looked upon them. The rarest mental gifts, alone,—and many of them were richly endowed with these,—could never have won such tribute. It was the moral grandeur and heroism before which we reverently bowed our heads.

Among those who graced the Festival by their presence—and to many of whom its success was mainly due—were Mr. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Child, Col. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Channing, Mr. Wm. Crafts, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. I. Bowditch, Mrs. Geo. R. Russell, Mrs. Cheney Mrs. Livermore, whose eloquence deeply impresses all who hear her, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Nowell, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Severance, Mrs. R. W. Emerson, Miss Holley, Lucy Stone, Mattie Griffith Browne, Louisa Alcott, Mr. Linton, the delightful English artist, and his daughter, Mr. Langston, the eloquent colored orator from Ohio, and Milmore, the gifted young sculptor, of whom Boston is justly proud. The presence of Mrs. Child gave a peculiar charm to the occasion. We esteemed ourselves most fortunate in having her and Mr. Child with us;—it was the first time for some years that they had been able to attend one of these meetings. Mrs. Child is truly "embodied sunshine,"—as cheering and inspiring as the brightest June day. She is young and will ever be so with the heart's perpetual youth. "You will always be a child," Mr. Wasson said to her, and she laughingly answered "Of course; and I feel much younger than you gray-haired people—my hair is yellow, you know." And so it is,—a perfect bit of sunshine,—and her face has the glow and sparkle of youth, strangely, sweetly blended with the mellowness of age. It is needless to sound her praises. We all know what it is that keeps her so young; how noble and generous she is; how she devotes the proceeds of her delightful books to the freedmen, how she curtails her own personal expenses in every possible way that she may give freely to the needy. "You are the richest woman I know," a friend said to her. As it is "more blessed to give than to receive" she must be greatly blest, and not alone for material gifts nor even for the consecration of her fine mental powers but for the warm and ready sympathy, which, coming straight from her large heart, gladdens and strengthens many another heart aching with the bitter sense of injustice and wrong—

"And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear."

We gladly welcomed, also, Mr. Channing from his sojourn across the seas, and felt ennobled by being brought into contact with that singularly pure and spiritual nature, to which the dear Father seems so very near.

The presence of Wm. Crafts gave us all great pleasure, and we much regretted the absence of his interesting wife. We felt that this occasion must be one of peculiar interest to him, as he realized the wonderful changes which twenty years have wrought. For it is twenty years since he and his wife were forced to leave their native land, after their heroic escape from slavery, and seek an asylum in England, whence they return, followed by the best wishes and warmest respect and admiration of all who knew them there, and full of enthusiasm in the cause of their newly emancipated brethren.

The meeting was essentially a social one, so there was very little "speaking," but a great deal of pleasant talk. Mr. Sargent presided, and introduced Mr. Weiss. It is always good to hear those eloquent lips, from which drop such exquisite utterances in relation to art and music and beauty, plead for the poor and the ignorant and the outcast. He reminded us that the rights and privileges of the races in this country were still to be secured. It was not so much the Fifteenth Amendment we need as amendment in the hearts of the people,—amendment of the prejudices of the people in regard to the negro. In the Fifteenth Amendment we have taken down the bar to equality, but we have yet to exert ourselves to prevent the ballot boxes being made loaded dice to throw doubles of victory against the black race. He urged the importance of still using money, energy and educational influence to establish true equality throughout the land.

Then Mr. W. W. Davis and Miss Grazella Ridgeway very kindly sang for us and Mr. Petersilea played delightfully, as usual. We feel much indebted to these artists for the cheerful kindness with which they gave their valuable services. Some one asked for "John Brown," which Mr. Petersilea played in the most spirited and soul stirring manner, and then the same voice—that of one of the truest and noblest friends of the oppressed—proposed three cheers for the hero and martyr whose "soul is marching on," which were given heartily. Surely from the larger and freer life into which he has entered, the grand old man looks down rejoicing now in the fulfilment of his prayers and prophecies, in the knowledge that he did not die in vain!

And now, having left the best thing for the last, I will tell you that Mr. Phillips spoke with all his matchless power and eloquence. He said that as in Pope's line, "Alps rise on Alps" so we had no sooner risen and done one portion of our work than it lifted us to just that level which revealed to us the work which lay beyond. Farewell to the work that was done, and all hail to the labor that opened to us beyond. We were met that day, and perhaps for the last time, with regard to the specific object of securing the first step in the freedom of the race. Right beyond however was the infinite future. Much more remained to be done to put the black man on a real equality with the white. He urged his claim to land, without which he was helpless in the hands of the property holders. Congress should secure to the freedman forty acres of land and $1,000 to start himself on it.

This should be given him, not from pity, not from charity, but because the nation *owed* it to him. It owed him one-seventh part of the wealth of the country. He wanted THE STANDARD maintained as the organ of justice to the freedmen, of the ballot for woman, of protection for the Indian, of prohibition in the streets of our large cities, and of every other good cause. The Anti-Slavery struggle was merely a school to fit us for future work. He wished he could be put back thirty-five years when he first raised his voice in behalf of equal and impartial justice. Oh, for another such a life, full of grave labor, full of earnest hope, crowned with an old age full of glorious rejoicing!

But I hope you will have from some other source a fuller report of Mr. Phillips' noble and beautiful speech. How those last words thrilled us. How truly they revealed the character of the great reformer—of all great reformers since the earliest times of the martyrs, though few have added to moral strength such rich intellectual gifts as his. Bitter hatred, abuse, persecution, contempt, social ostracism—what are these to one who is fired by a lofty purpose, who sees "God stand upon the weaker side?" They are but incentives to more earnest endeavor, to more entire self-abnegation. While Mr. Phillips spoke, we seemed to be carried back to those early days and to see him as he was then, young and brilliant, and highly gifted, casting aside the fetters of society, renouncing all personal ambition, consecrating all his powers of mind and soul to the service of the weakest and most oppressed and suffering of God's creatures. It is a sublime picture. Not one race, not one country, alone, shall thank and bless such a man, and the noble men and women who have faithfully labored with him. They are the world's benefactors, and deserve the world's gratitude. We think of them and thank God and take courage, gaining new strength for the conflict in which we are still engaged. For even now, to some of us the future looks dark. The struggle with the terrible, merciless spirit of Caste seems but just begun, and we know that it may prove—

"A friendless warfare—lingering long
Through weary day and weary year."

Sometimes the heart will sink despairingly. We know that all must be right in the end, but the end seems so very far off! Let us be brave. Let us work untiringly for the elevation of the race; this alone can destroy the demon of Caste; and then—patience—

"Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

So sings our poet of Freedom. Let us heed him now as in the early, darker days when his fiery words "stirred our souls like the sound of a trumpet." Have I made a very wide digression? I could not help it. So many memories and hopes and fears throng the soul on such occasions as these. But I will try your patience no longer, and will only say that the Festival was from beginning to end most pleasant and harmonious; and that the pecuniary results—about four thousand dollars—far exceeded our expectations. We do not feel that it closed that night, but that it lasted all through the next day and evening. You have had faithful reports of the deeply interesting meetings which were held then. The spirit of enthusiasm, and harmony which pervaded them throughout, cannot, I think, be expressed in words. For us the Festival really closed, when, compelled by the relentless horse car, we left the hall immediately after Mr. Phillips' grand speech at the meeting on Thursday night. We still seemed to hear his tones ringing through the silence as we drove over the bridge and watched the stars and the "hundred gleaming lights" in the distance reflected in the dark still waters. Gradually "exceeding peace" stole into our hearts, and we felt that we could safely trust all in His hands—

"Who wisely heeds
To give, as to withhold,
And knoweth more of all our needs
Than all our prayers have told!"

C. L. F.

WE have from a well informed, trustworthy Texas correspondent the welcome announcement of a strong probability that the Hon. M. C. HAMILTON (a brother of the defeated gubernatorial candidate, A. J. Hamilton) will be sent to the United States Senate for the long term from Texas. He is a man of superior qualifications for that important post, and we should regard his election as most auspicious, not alone for Texas, but the country at large. Though not written for publication, we present from our correspondent's letter the following extract:

"In the legislature the Radicals have a majority of twenty-two on joint ballot. This secures, we think, two Radical United States Senators. The probabilities now are that the Hon. M. C. Hamilton, well and favorably known to you as a staunch, firm undeviating Republican of the Thaddeus Stevens' stripe, will be chosen as United States Senator for the long term. Texas is determined to give no uncertain sound in her advocacy of the right, and repudiation of the wrong. To main-

tain the ground now won by the loyal Republicans of this State it is necessary that Congress shall enforce the Test Oath for legislative and county offices. Without this the victory of to-day in Texas for the national cause is but temporary; and it will be impossible for the earnest and patriotic citizens of this State to withstand the tide of disaffection, daily receiving reinforcements from other Southern States. That this is a measure, not of party, but of national safety is now so apparent, I beleive, that even the *Tribune* philosopher—your cotemporary—gives in his adhesion. To the earnest friends of the North who have given us words of counsel and of cheer in our recent herculean struggle, the Republicans of Texas are grateful. And for President Grant and his cabinet we have a meed of praise and gratitude that we trust may be substantially realized in the not distant future."

THE Peabody obsequies are at last happily at an end. If Mr. Peabody had been, even approximately, as worthy of public admiration and respect as JOHN BROWN, so much extravagant and pompous display would have been wholly unjustifiable. No true man would desire for himself such costly commemoration, while the needs of the living are so varied and pressing. The whole expenditure in the ceremonial rites, and burial of his body, will involve to somebody an outlay equivalent to a large portion of Mr. Peabody's fortune, great as it is reported to have been. But personally, apart from his money, Mr. Peabody's was a character not at all profitable to hold for public commendation. He was notoriously the enemy of freedom and nationality in this country, at a time, and under circumstances, which might have turned the scale against us. It was not his fault that the slave-holding conspirators were not successful in founding here a Confederacy with human slavery for its chief corner-stone. Like many others who are indiscriminately glorified, it is said of Mr. Peabody that in respect to Temperance, he was one who should be held up as a warning, rather than an example.

A MEETING of the Colored Citizens of this city was held at Bethel Church on the evening of the 8th inst., to make arrangements for the celebration of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, the Rev. W. F. Butler in the chair. John N. Carney was chosen Secretary. There was a large attendance, and great enthusiasm was manifested both by the speakers and the audience. Prominent among those who addressed the meeting were Rev. W. F. Butler, Rev. Dr. Turpin, Joseph Walker, Jacob Stewart, John N. Carney, and E. V. C. Eato. An Executive Committee of nine, with Rev. W. F. Butler as chairman, was appointed to make all needed preparations for the approaching Celebration. The next preparative meeting will be held at Zion Church on the 17th inst. It is desired that there should be a full attendance of all interested upon that occasion.

WE are so crowded for space again this week as to be obliged to omit much interesting matter designed for our present issue, including a more extended notice of the recent very interesting Woman Suffrage Convention held in Boston. We shall hope to present in full, next week, Mrs. HOWE'S eloquent address delivered during the opening session of the Convention.

PERSONAL.

The N. Y. *Evening Mail* says:

"A meeting was held, on Saturday evening, in St. Ann's Church, Eighteenth street, for the purpose of founding a Ladies' Physiological and Sanitary Institute. Dr. Anna Dinsmore was elected President."

Rosa Bonheur said the other day that no fewer than three thousand strangers called on her in the course of the year, and that she received in the same space of time upward of one thousand letters, requesting autographs, sketches, etc.

The mother of Parepa-Rosa died recently in London. The Boston *Transcript* says:

"The following letter is one of many which have been received by Madame Parepa-Rosa, since the announcement of the death of her mother. The letter will be read with additional interest from the fact that the name of the writer is so well known to the musical public:

No. 46 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, }
January 15th, 1870. }

"'*My Dear Madame:*—Pray believe that I sympathize deeply with your sorrow—so much so, that I shall offer no vain words of consolation. You have lost one whom you loved more than any one in the world, excepting your husband. Every tear is a relief to your heart—a sacred tribute to the memory of the departed, and the tide of grief whose source lies at the very root of our nature must have its course. Still, I would fain awaken the reflection that your mother's latest thoughts of you must have been happy; that in the visions of her child in a distant land she must have beheld an artiste in the very zenith of her glory—the undisputed laurel-crown upon her head, the musical public of a vast country at her feet—preëminent as a singer, universally respected as a woman; and might proudly have said, in leaving to the world a rich legacy, "This is my daughter, and my pupil." If I might venture a word of advice, my dear Madame, I would say, return speedily as possible to that active mental occupation which more than anything will conduce to the forgetfulness of irremediable calamity. Resume your professional duties at the earliest possible moment, for your own as for the sake of those connected with you. The public—everybody, indeed—will understandingly appreciate your motives. Believe me, dear Madame, sincerely yours, HOWARD GLOVER.

"'To Madame Parepa-Rosa."

DESTITUTE FREEDMEN IN WASHINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA, 2nd month, 5th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Standard:

In the day of our rejoicing over the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment let us not forget those who were recently slaves, and now are suffering for the common necessities of life in the very heart of the nation.

Rachel M. Townsend has spent some $2000, for the relief of the freedmen in Washington, mostly women and children, who cannot get away or find employment. Few persons are willing to take mothers with little children. The case is represented to me as one of intense suffering, and when I mentioned it in Boston last week at the Festival and to friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society they recommended that public attention be called to it. I append a statement recently received.

A. H. LOVE.

Last Sunday morning at the Friends' meeting on West street, Thomas Garrett read a letter from Rachel Moore Townsend, describing graphically the misery and destitution amongst the aged, crippled, and infirm freedmen, at Washington.

The Government furnishes rations for them in very limited quantities, and when they are sick many of them cannot eat the coarse unsavory food, and nearly starve. Again, many of them are without covering for their heads or bodies. The Washington Friends were asked to contribute clothing, and we believe an effort is being made to collect as much as possible to forward for this purpose.

Friend Garrett also sends us the following extract from a letter of Robert Lamborn, of Kennet Square, Chester County, who has spent near two months in Washington:—

"You, no doubt in your city, have no lack of poverty, and distress, old age, and infirmity, but permit me to say, that even then, I do not believe the pictures would be over-drawn, if the saddest day ever seen in Wilmington in regard to poverty and destitution were multipled by ten, I doubt if the reality seen in the streets and back alleys of the Capital of the nation could be equaled. Congress has done and is still doing much, but outside of all this, there is monstrous suffering with the old freedmen and women, going about the streets, which is too great to expect the citizens to relieve. By invitation I called a few days ago at the house of Mrs. Griffing, 394 Capitol street. She is one of the agents authorized by Congress to distribute to those outsiders. She had last year 30,000 dollars at her disposal which she reports all expended, except 200 dollars. On my arrival her house was crowded, outside and in, by feeble worn out slaves; it was with difficulty I could reach the door; inside I found Mrs. Griffing with three assistants, busily distributing such as hats, old coats, pants, meat, tea and coffee, etc. When these were let out another lot of five or six were admitted, which continued for four hours, and when I left, some ten or fifteen were still waiting their turn in the cold. Rachel M. Townsend and her husband had called there a few days previous, and witnessed the sad situation of those people and the great destitution that prevailed there, and after their return to Philadelphia they sent several boxes of clothing for the destitute. Now let me propose that some twelve or twenty of my Wilmington friends get up one or two, or, if possible, five boxes of clothing, and send on here; cast off clothing will be thankfully received, of every size, shape or condition, that can be applied to keep the human frame warm, and forward them to Mrs. Griffing, and rest assured they will be wisely disposed of. I visited the Howard University and Government Hospital, both on a large scale. The hospital had near five hundred inmates of old, lame and helpless freedmen. I will now leave the subject after saying there is not one day to be lost. Mrs. Griffing told me that one hundred beds and one thousand blankets could be put to immediate use and add greatly to the comfort of those destitute people.

"President Grant, in his late message, gave the gratifying opinion that the National debt might be cancelled in ten years. Now, if this is possible, which I do not doubt, then let me ask if ever such unprecedented prosperity fell to the lot of any people, since the beginning. Then should the general government manifest its gratitude to the author of their prosperity, and their philanthropy on behalf of suffering humanity, and declare that they will freely remain in debt one year longer, and devote the income of the Nation for one year to smoothing the passage of those homeless freedmen to the grave, and also for the education of the colored youth for the next ten years.

"Any person disposed to aid these suffering freed people, either by money or cast off clothing, may send the same to Thomas Garrett, No. 227 Shipley street, who will see that all is properly forwarded to Josephine S. Griffing, who is authorized by Congress to attend to the distribution of food and clothing for the destitute freedmen."

NOTICE.

A STATED meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held on Fifth day, the 10th inst., at 3 1-2 o'clock P. M., at 727 Filbert street.

G. M. S. P. JONES, Secretary.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, February 7th, 1870.

REJOICE BUT REFLECT.

It is but natural that we should all rejoice over our last great victory of political freedom, and exult with glowing enthusiasm now that the complete ratification of the XVth Amendment may be chronicled among the grand facts of the age. It is a consummation worthy of the best tribute that the zeal of grateful hearts can carve by the power of speech. It has no parallel as a legislative achievement in this country, and takes rank next to the abolition of slavery as a momentous step towards harmonizing the Declaration of Independence with our national practice.

But the spirit of exultation should not be so supreme as to banish reflection from our minds, or induce a feeling of ease and apathy as if nothing more remained to be accomplished. This great event should not be considered as a signal for us to lapse into a state of indifference concerning the future. It should not pall us with a consciousness of security. The guaranty of entire safety may yet be afar off, in the education of the people up to the standard of this Amendment, which is by no means apparent to-day.

Every negro in the land may have just occasion to be jubilant, and to be thrilled with ecstasy for the better recognition of his manhood, but in the midst of his rejoicing let him not forget precisely how matters stand. Let him remember the powerful minority that has uniformly arrayed itself like a wall of adamant against his enfranchisement, in every season and on every occasion, indicating a deep-seated opposition which years of training to the new order of things will not eradicate.

But it is not sufficient to say that there is a formidable minority opposed to the XVth Amendment. It is an absolute majority. It became a party measure, and with that essential sanction which self-preservation helped largely to dictate, it has travelled through the requisite number of State legislatures towards its final incorporation in the national Constitution. Much is owing to that mysterious party ordination which operates unseen, welding the Republican legislators in every State into unbroken action, in obedience to the potential behest. It is no evidence that a majority of votes could be polled to-day in a dozen States in its favor. I would not risk it to a popular vote in half that number of States. The majority of voters are not in accord with the fact, nor with the principle of which it is the legitimate offshoot.

But the very act of ratification greatly augments the voting support of the Amendment, and this added element in the constituency may be all-important as a protecting force against future peril. Let that force be constantly on the alert. Politicians are sly. So far as parties are concerned, to the Republicans the negroes owe everything, and to the Democrats nothing. They rejoice to-day because they have a right to the ballot, with which as freemen they may execute their will. But they will be fools indeed if they will its use in any other way than for their protection. Every vote they give to the Democratic party, their unfailing, inveterate and unyielding enemy, may be a thrust at their own liberty. Unawares they may thus weave a web that would in time develop into a twisted cord about their limbs. Let them wisely guard their rights. What would the IVth Amendment be worth with the Democratic party in power, and the Supreme Court moulded in that image? An adverse turn in affairs may be the source of deplorable mischief. Look at the low tone of politics, without regard to parties. The seeds of danger and detriment may be seen in many aspects. Party leaders need constant watching. The nation suffers from infirmity of conscience. Vitiating elements are passively tolerated in the community, and a very inferior grade of moral sense is manifest.

Although THE STANDARD may drop superfluous portions of its name, and change its present form, its need still seems imperative. It may take a fresh departure in the battle-field of reform, still warring against the foes of caste, oppression, injustice, wrong and outrage in every shape, but the sphere of action cannot spare this champion of a purer and higher civilization. The Amendment does not make the nation better. It does not remove disabilities that everywhere annoy and oppress the colored race. Years will pass before it will ameliorate in a material degree their untoward condition. Let no man say that the work of THE STANDARD is finished.

THE PENNSYLVANIA EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE.

A few evenings ago the Executive Committee of this organization held a meeting for the purpose of taking measures in behalf of celebrating the ratification of the Amendment. Various speeches were made, and resolutions were adopted requesting the president of the League to issue his proclamation to the colored people of the State, "calling on them to assemble in their respective localities to celebrate this great event." It was resolved,

That the fourth Tuesday succeeding the official proclamation of the Secretary of State be set apart as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer to God for His goodness and mercy to us as a people, so long outraged and so unjustly persecuted.

That on said day all business be suspended and all places of business be closed; that the churches be opened in the morning for religious services, and the remainder of the day be devoted to procession and the evening to festivities, that this day may be one fully celebrated in each city, town and hamlet throughout the Commonwealth.

We have had the company and wisdom of the wonderful

NASBY,

who entertained us on Thursday evening with his remarkable lecture on "The Lords of Creation, or the struggles of a Conservative on the Woman Question." It was decidedly interesting to hear him philosophize upon the important subject, in his own way of novetreatment, reviewing it in its various phases from the period when Adam lived, (beyond which he seemed to regret that he could not go) all the way down to the present day. It was decidedly amusing to notice the peculiar delight with which many seemed to view his conservative ideas, as if all was said in serious earnestness and belief, and when he demolished his own plausible arguments and brilliant statements with the weapons of pleasant sarcasm, these innocent listeners were greatly perplexed. They were not prepared for his change of base from the position of an avowed conservative, imbued with all the virulence of popular prejudice against woman's cause, to that of a zealous, outspoken and sincere advocate of woman suffrage. It was delightful to listen to this portion of his lecture, so eloquent and free, so clearly instinct with the right spirit, and enforced with a degree of earnestness that irresistably won our applause and admiration. Nasby has his place—which he fills most commendably. In him Woman Suffrage has a valiant and effective champion, capable of splendid service. But who among our popular lecturers worthy of a hearing is not on that side? Echo answers, who? W.

Our Boston Correspondence.

NO. CCLXIII.

BOSTON, February 6th, 1870.

THE blunders of compositors are getting to be something fearful. If only, when they misplace letters, they would make nonsense, so as to *show* that there is an error, the intelligent reader might conjecture the right meaning; but when "pros and cons" are made to appear "pigs and cows," when Rubens the painter is transformed into Reuben the patriarch, and when "ellipses," carefully written, is printed "eclipses," one realizes that freedom of the press has its evils as well as its benefits. The latest malefactions of this sort that I have seen are in a good-looking Universalist newspaper of your city, which speaks of a "church of Truism" lately formed—evidently meaning a church of *Theism*, and—intending to quote "those beautiful lines of Whittier"—prints

"I know not where his islands lift
Their ponderous forms in air,
I only know we cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Those readers of the above who did not remember that Whittier wrote "fronded palms," must have found the poet's meaning less clear, and his expression less felicitous, than usual.

LIBERAL ILLIBERALITY.

The word "Universalist" above reminds me of an anecdote I have lately seen of one of the early preachers of that faith, who, after delivering a discourse in favor of its distinguishing tenet, was asked for explanation by a hearer who found it difficult to receive that doctrine. Do you think that *all* will be saved? Yes. What, even the orthodox? asked the doubter.

CONSERVATISM CROWDED.

I hear that the Executive Committee of conservative Unitarianism, who have the charge of a temporary supply of preachers for destitute parishes, are finding more and more cases of dissatisfaction with those steady-going ministers of the old sort whom they have been accustomed to send, and whom they prefer to send. It is asked of them with increasing frequency—"Can't you send us a more radical man?" And the consequence is that the men of this latter sort, to whom the Committee had in past years been showing the cold shoulder, are again put in requisition, and sent out with the respectable endorsement of the head-quarters of Unitarianism. In Mr. Parker's time, no sentence of formal exclusion could be passed against him, because, as he told them, there was no fence inclosing their grounds. Now that his opponents have succeeded in getting a fence built, it must seem rather hard to them to be obliged themselves to ignore it, through the pressure of advancing public opinion.

REFORM DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

It happens somewhat curiously that, just as a portion of the comfortable and well-to-do part of the community are awaking to the consciousness that laboring people of both sexes need time and a place for recreation, and are trying to accomplish Rev. Mr. Murray's idea of an extensive public park near the city, and cheap transportion to it on Sundays, so that our basement and cellar population may have a chance, once a week, at fresh air and a view of nature—opposition to this movement is arising among some of those for whose particular benefit it was intended. In various meetings of the Labor Reform movement, opposition is made to a new public park for Boston, on the ground that poor people have no time to go to it. This is unfortunately true, at present; and yet it seems as if something would be gained if, while the labor-reformers are trying to get the time, other persons were simultanously trying to get the place, and perfect the facilities for using it. Why should the former try to obstruct the latter?

"THE SYMPATHY OF RELIGIONS."

This was the title of the third lecture in the Sunday afternoon course at Horticultural Hall, which was given by Col. T. W. Higginson.

Our religious experience, said Mr, Higginson, begins with the discovery that there is an inward light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. This light, though not infallible, is invaluable, since it gives us something to steer by, and it is this, far more than an anchor, that we need. The best religions are those that are in motion. All over the world, the divine influence moves men, and moves them to action. Men are ceasing to disbelieve, and believing more and more.

Every year gives us more knowledge of the religions of the world, and shows us better the sympathy between them. They all show the same aim, the same symbols, the same forms, the same aspirations, the same limitations, the same weaknesses. There is in fact but one religion under many forms, and these, rightly considered, unite to make a symphony of religions. It is agreed by all that there is one God, and that this God is our Father. The names applied to him are different, the being intended by them is the same.

It was said by von Humboldt that every religion contains these three things: the declaration that there is one God—that there is a future existence—and that men should do as they would be done by. To these essentials of the absolute religion, Mr. Higginson thought that each particular faith added the name and person of its first teacher; thus the Persians held this doctrine *plus* Zoroaster, the Hebrews the same *plus* Moses, the Mussulmans the same *plus* Mohammed, the Christians the same *plus* Christ.

These essential beliefs grow up naturally, being indigenous to every soul. Each form of religion resembles the others, and the same traditions naturally grow up around the founder of each. The same things were imputed to Osiris and to Buddha, as to Jesus. But if a man surpasses everybody, must he therefore be separated from everybody? Was the best man before Jesus something *more* than man.

Augustine said that after the time of Christ, that true religion which had always existed received the name of "Christian."

Mr. Higginson spoke of the unfairness of the common practice of classifying religions by a comparison of the best points of one with the imperfections and errors of all the rest. Our best course was to look for the points of similarity in all, and to select from the sacred writings of all nations those things which were worthy to accompany the best parts of our own Bible. The Holy Scripture of the world is not yet completed. We may learn much by looking at history in a candid spirit. We hear it told how much Christianity has done for Europe; it may be well to inquire how much Europe has done for Christianity. Mohammedan Spain was once the best part of Europe. And the creditable part of Christianity covers only four centuries out of nineteen.

The true missionaries are the men who have kept themselves free from the limitations of the system in which they have lived. Mr. Higginson thought there were more and more instances of this sort, and that all religions were beginning to outgrow their mythologies. He hoped for such an extension of this influence as to bring us to the true church of God and Man, the religion of the ages, Natural Religion.

In the next lecture of this course, Rev. Samuel Longfellow is to speak on "Theism."

THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

7th—The demonstration in the opposition course this week was double-barrelled, consisting of a sermon last evening in the Shawmut Church, and a lecture this afternoon in the Old South Chapel, both by Prof. George P. Fisher of New Haven.

The sermon, on "The nature and design of Revelation," was, in its merits, its deficiencies and its faults, very like the general run of orthodox sermons in city churches. Its doctrine was that "Revelation" was an accurate and infallible revealing of God, through a series of supernatural interpositions, for the purpose of bringing men back to him. The preacher proceeded to assume that the Bible, the whole of it, was such a revelation, and that every one of its declarations was an authority binding upon all men.

Throughout his sermon, the points made by Prof. Fisher were made with a confidence resembling in *kind* as well as in manner the reply of a Mussulman to a European who had been trying to explain to him Christianity. "You Franks," said the Turk," are a great people. You know how to make ships, and watches, and penknives, and to do many wonderful things. But Allah has given to us one thing which he has withheld from you, the knowledge of the true religion."

LIBERAL ORTHODOXY.

In refreshing contrast to the dogmatic assumptions of Prof. Fisher's sermon, was the following passage from a sermon preached by Rev. W. H. H. Murray the same evening in the Music Hall. I quote from the *Advertiser's* report:—Mr. Murray said he would not have any dogma or formula preached in the church, for they were things of the past. The past was full of damp and mouldy ruins from which the air came up chilly and cold, deadening the senses, and blunting the better feelings of our nature. He would have a live religion preached, not the science of God, but the science of living acceptably to God. He would have men draw their inspirations from the future, which was full of hope, and inscribing the word "Love" on their banner,—love to God and towards their fellow-men,—march boldly forward, rejoicing in the progress of the age; confined by no strait-jacket of creed, but developing and expanding as new truths were revealed or brought to light. He would not have the church a treadmill, where the same course was gone over and over again, but a gymnasium, for the full development of the soul.

A CONSERVATIVE'S PICTURE OF RATIONALISM.

The Old South Chapel this afternoon was crowded with the hearers of the lecture on Rationalism, among whom were a large number of country ministers, evidently desirous to learn the latest and best method of encountering the great adversary, and supposing that the Professor could show it them. They heard many good things, and some poor ones.

His first statement was among the good ones, namely, a classification of speculators on religion as 1st, Roman Catholics, recognizing their Church as authority; 2d, Evangelical Protestants, recognizing the Bible as authority; 3d, Rationalists, denying the authority of books or institutions over the human soul, and finding nothing miraculous or supernatural in the origin of Christianity.

To the first of these classes Prof. Fisher objected that they put the Church between the human soul and Christ. (Here I could not help thinking of the corresponding fault of the speaker and his party, namely, an interposing of Christ between the individual soul and God; as if a father could not meet a prodigal son without introduction by an elder brother.)

For the second class, his own, he claimed that Evangelical Protestantism put no tyrannical yoke on reason. Reason had its allowed place in that school, namely, 1., To show the authenticity of the books forming the Bible; 2., To show, by competent evidence, the supernatural origin of the Gospel; 3., To examine the authorship of the canonical books, by internal and external evidence. 4., To reject doctrines and claims *contrary* to reason. 5., To maintain individual freedom in the interpretation of the Bible.

It appears that the Evangelical Protestant enjoys freedom to this extent. But the Professor said nothing about the fact that, unless the free reasoner comes to the conclusions authorized by the party as essential, the party, with one consent, refuse him the Christian name.

Coming then to Rationalism, Prof. Fisher represented it as existing in three forms, Atheism, Pantheism, Deism. Here, like his predecessors, he gave a broadside at Comte, Spencer, Huxley and Mill, without whom as antagonists, none of the speakers of this course seem able to get on. It was noticeable, however, that he did *not* speak, either by name, or by any fair description, of the system of Christian Theism taught by Theodore Parker. All the speakers of this course, thus far, have jumbled the positions taken by him with the entirely different grounds held by the men just named. The large number of men and women who receive the precious truths taught by Mr. Parker would agree in holding "materialism" very irrational. And yet materialism was one main thing at which this lecture "on Rationalism" was pointed, and the other things taken up for censure were lumped with materialism as its proper kindred. Thus, for instance, an ignoring of sin was imputed to all rationalists; a statement by no means true of the class properly called such, according to the definition above given in Prof. Fisher's opening statement. Again, he imputes to them the belief that man, *without aid from above*, can lead a right life; the fact being, that the people here in question assume as a matter of course that God, the Father, is *always* helping man, the child. In short, such rationalism as Mr. Parker taught remains entirely unanswered in this lecture and its predecessors.

Among the *good* counsels which the young ministers received from their senior, were the following:

In dealing with rationalism, do not attempt to check freedom of investigation. Examine second causes as far as possible. Encourage the study of the physical sciences.

Let progress be allowed to theology as well as to science.

Rationalism must be met in the field of argument.

Beware of connecting Christian truth with *untenable theories respecting the Bible*, as, for instance, with the completeness of a genealogical table.

If the worthy Professor had only acted upon these counsels in the preparation of his own lecture! But we will be thankful for small measures of justice, and rejoice that he is man enough to give such good advice to others. NORTH.

[For the Standard].

THE ALL IN ALL.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

Man feeleth blindly after God,
Though Earth for aye His presence keeps;
His essence hallows all her sod,
His being fills her awful deeps:
Her mountain dust He glorifies,
And yet we grope with veil'd eyes.

I hold that Nature cannot err,
That she evolveth naught amiss;
Since God, the One, embraceth her,
And all her atom life is His;
However great, however small,
His Unity enspheres all.

I looked upon the summer world,
I heard the gladness of her rills,
I saw her sunset banners furled
Upon the shoulders of the hills;
And looking,—in my conscious heart
I said,—"God dwelleth not apart."

"If in the ancient days his feet
Pressed fragrance from a garden walk,
And our frail mothers heard his sweet
And blessed ministry of talk,
If she e'er saw His face divine,
I hold the privilege as mine."

"And yet my eyes are shadowed quite;
So darkened, that I cannot see,
To read the wondrous law aright
That draws him to Humanity;
If I can make an Eden place,
Perchance He will reveal His face."

"A place of blossoms, perfect fair,
And emerald arches reaching wide;—
No common bloom shall open there,
But heavenly beauty shall abide;
He will return to warn and bless,
Drawn by the law of perfectness."

And then from morn till eve I sought
For shrub and blossom rich and rare;
From morn till eve I patient wrought
To make my garden faultless fair;
The common flower I did uproot,
And crushed it with a careless foot.

And soon it grew a wondrous place,
Of strange and supreme loveliness;
Where fringe trees with an airy grace
Shook in their cloudy vapor dress;
And the magnolia's waxen bloom,
Through glossy thickets breathed perfume.

And by the fountain's ribbon line,
The rich rose spread her leaves apart,
And dropt her bosom's amber wine,
Into the lily's open heart;
And all in vain the thicket's shade,
The fount, and groves of blooming flame;
For He whose presence I essayed
With yearnings deep,—He never came;
In vain I walked that perfect spot,
For if He came, I knew it not.

Then in a frantic ecstacy
That would not be o'erborne, I cried,
"I cannot win the Heavens to me,
Though all perfection here abide!
And since I cannot reach so high,
I will my own heart satisfy."

"The little field flower shall find grace
Within my sight;—I will not pass
The meadow blossom, but give place
To common blooms of common grass;
I cannot draw the Lord above,
I'll make a place for human love."

And in the gladness of the thought,
I sought the azure violet,
And buttercups and daisies brought,
And in my garden border set;
The crow-foot and the gentian too,
And forest hare-bells softly blue.

And lo, a sudden glory fell
Upon my little Eden spot,
And one small voice I knew full well,
Thrilled arch, and grove, and shady grot!
O Heart, forevermore rejoice!
I heard and knew the Father's voice.

And from my vision fled away
The darkening shadows, and I saw
The rose-tree and the thistle spray
Evolving by divinest law;
Divinest life and essence ran
From atom dust, to conscious Man.

Each trembling leaf, and pendant bloom,
Were portions of one vestment bright;
One breath swayed all the emerald gloom,
One smile of love filled Earth with light;
The dew-drops on the grasses sweet,
Were pearls that dropt from sacred feet.

One perfect image everywhere,
In starry sphere and blossom seed;
A changeless blessing stirred the air
With sweetest song, and I could read
Eternal Scripture on the stone,
And I no longer walked alone.

LITERARY.

THE publishers of *Putnam's Magazine* make the important announcement that Mr. Parke Godwin is to assume the editorship in the April number. Mr. Putnam, whose other cares compel this change, is fortunate in being succeeded by one so thoroughly competent to carry on the good work inaugurated with the revival of this popular magazine. Mr. Godwin is a ripe scholar, and by experience, capacity and culture is eminently fitted to fill the chair to which he is called. Henceforth we shall expect to see *Putnam's* take undisputed rank with the first of American Monthlies. Mr. Godwin in his introductory note says:

"*Putnam's Magazine* has already attained a position so secure, that it remains for the new management to promise merely to carry forward the work so auspiciously begun. The aim of its proprietors from the beginning has been to make it a periodical worthy of our American literature, and particularly worthy of the great metropolitan city in which it is published. Our intention is, to give a "force, concentration, and individuality," as the publishers declare, to that generous and noble purpose. American literature has reached a maturity in which it tries to speak for itself; and New York, the great central city in all other respects, must be made the central city in this respect. We need no longer to go abroad for our inspiration or our writers—the days of provincial vassalage are past; and as in politics we are independent, as in our social bearing we have struck out a new path, so in letters we must give more and more evidence of a fresh, original, spontaneous, characteristic life. The late events of our national history, which evinced so stupendous an energy in the national mind and heart, must be translated into speech, and come forth as genial and peaceful arts. The splendid outbursts of intellect that followed the impulses of the Persian war in Greece, or the crusading zeal of the Church in France, or the struggle of the city republics in Italy, ought to be paralleled here, where a grander theatre has given scope for a grander development of the human forces. New York City, in which the wealth, the trade, the enterprise of the entire continent come to a head, should also furnish an organ for the best intellectual aspiration and achievement. It should bring together and reflect whatever is most vital and peculiar in the whole country. We admit that, what Paris is to France, what London is to Great Britian, New York can never be to the United States, nor is it desirable that it should be owing to our more diffusive and democratic methods; but we see no reason why New York, supported by the vast resources of the interior, should not rival any foreign city, not only in the munificence of its provisions for scholarship, but in its literary and artistic activity. We shall not forget that the proper function of a magazine is to amuse as well as to instruct, or, rather, is to instruct by means of amusement; and we hope to gather, therefore, out of the intellectual life and culture of the Republic, criticisms, sketches, tales, poems, etc., that shall be an adequate expression of our new conditions and our abounding vitality. This, we are told, is the impossible part of magazine editorship; our best mind, it is said, turns itself toward practical pursuits. Pacific Railroads are our epics, and the ring of hammers and anvils our lyrics; while the finer arts—the arts in which all that is grand and beautiful and subtle in a nation's genius is embodied—are left to certain "delicate nobodies," as one of our cynical friends phrases it, who are without positive personality, and confess to no higher inspiration than that of bread-winning for the moment. If such were our notions we should despair, not only of our literature, but of the Republic itself; for literature is but the outflowing of the national heart, and since we have given of late such ample evidence that our heart is not dead, we need entertain no fears of the answering capacities of the head. The flowers and fruits of genius will come in their own way and time, if we who set ourselves to watch for them are not too dull to recognize their coming, or too inhospitable to tender them a generous welcome when they arrive."

The Woman's Advocate for February presents the following excellent table of contents: "The Market Woman," by Antoinette Brown Blackwell; "Vanitas Vanitatis," by Robert W. Hume; "How to Entertain our Friends," by Frances Dana Gage; "The King's Daughters," by M. E. Wright; "Inquiry," by Lavinia Walmsley; "Mother's Rights," by E. Burke Collins; "Perplexed," by George Johnson; "How I Became a Convert," by C. L. James; "Thrown Upon the World;" "Lines;" "The Question of Woman Suffrage," by Mary F. Davis; Editorial and Literary.

The *Eclectic* for February contains a variety of well-selected articles from the foreign reviews, the most notable of which is the account of the "Battle of the Philosophies" from the *Contemporary*.

RECEIVED.

COSMOLOGY. By George M'Ilvaine Ramsay, M. D. 264 pp. Boston: William White & Co.

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Edited by the Rev. A. G. H. L'estrange. Two Vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON. By James Orton. 356 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PLAUTUS, CAPTIVI, TRINUMMUS, RUDENS. With English notes, critical and explanatory. By C. S. Harrington, M. A. 278 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By William Godwin. 231 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HERELL. A Novel, 157 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Abram Folsom, Boston,	(to redeem pledge)	$25.00
Dr. E. D. Hudson, New York,	(to redeem pledge)	25.00
Mrs. Sarah T. Wilder, Miss Martha M. Wilder, and Mrs. F. H. Drake,	contributions for THE STANDARD. for Miss C. F. Putnam, of Virginia for the freedmen,	3.00

OBITUARY.

ELIZA C. YARNALL.

DIED.—At her residence, No. 1332 Arch street, Philadelphia, on the 4th inst., Eliza C. Yarnall, aged 75 years.

Beloved and respected in life, Mrs. Yarnall will be mourned in death, by a large circle of appreciative friends beyond her immediate family. Quiet and reserved in her nature, active chiefly in her domestic life, and little known to the public, she was not less faithful to the Anti-Slavery cause than her venerable sister, Lucretia Mott, with whom she was closely united in sympathy towards all the Moral Reforms of the age. Clear in judgment, true to the Right, she stood immoveable in every great crisis of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, and retained, fresh and vigorous, to the last hour of her life, her vital interest in it. The influence of her gentle spirit pervaded the circles in which she moved; and her unfailing presence and radiant countenance at the Annual Meetings of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was felt as a benediction.

Mrs. Yarnall was, not only by birth, but, in very truth, a Friend; holding fast, from intelligent conviction and hearty devotion, the essential principle of Quakerism, the doctrine of the Inward Light. In this principle her faith never failed; and her life was a practical illustration of christianity.

Thus, one by one, pass away the true friends of Humanity, the faithful workers in the field of Reform. May the young men and women now entering life's arena with hope and enthusiasm, prepare to fill those vacant places! M. G.

MRS. JULIA WILLIAMS GARNET.

MRS. JULIA WILLIAMS GARNET, the beloved wife of the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, President of Avery College, departed this life suddenly at her late residence in Alleghany City, Pa., at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, A. M., Friday, January 7th, 1870.

Conscious that exalted worth, and the virtues of our race, claim equal recognition of their fidelity to truth, and loyalty and religion, I deem it to be my duty to inscribe a few lines to the memory of a virtuous woman, illustrated in the life and character of the late Mrs. Julia W. Garnet, whose sudden death has cast the gloom of sorrow over the minds of the people who knew her, and valued her as a representative woman in many sections of this fair land.

Born in Charleston, S. C., July 1st, 1811, she was brought at an early age to Boston, Mass. When eleven years old, she embraced a religious life, and was baptized by immersion by the late reverend Dr. Daniel Sharp, and was received as a member of the Baptist Church. At the organization of the Tremont Temple she was one of the nine original members. Subsequently she united with the Presbyterian Church, in which she remained a member until her death. From a child Mrs. Garnet thirsted for education, and she was one of the scholars of the famous seminary of Miss Prudence Crandall, at Canterbury, Conn., and remained there until that school was broken up by pro-slavery violence, and Miss Crandall was thrown into jail for the crime of teaching colored girls. From Canterbury she repaired to Canaan Academy, in New Hampshire, at which place she met her husband for the first time. The mob swept away the academy at Canaan, and dispersed the pupils, and she was kindly received into the family of the late N. P. Rogers of Concord, N. H. Having qualified herself for a teacher, she was appointed to a school in Boston, which she taught for several years, and was married in 1840 to the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet. As a faithful coadjutor of her husband in his missionary efforts in the British West Indies; as the faithful servant of the Divine Master in ministering to the wants of the Freedmen in Washington City, and obtaining the influence of the lamented Hon. Edwin M. Stanton in their behalf, she exemplified in her life all the virtues of a noble Christian woman. Her devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, and her sacrifices for the fleeing fugitives, may not be recorded by human pen—but the recording angel has written them. "Nothing makes death evil but what follows it." In this sense and in a far higher sense, death was no evil to Julia Garnet. The living will embalm the sacred memory of her virtues in their hearts. They will strive to emulate them. Her dying words: "DEAR JESUS, THIS IS DEATH," will strengthen the Christian, in his daily battle with the enemy of souls, for he will so strive to win a continual victory, that at his last hours he may exclaim, "*Dear Jesus, This is death!*"

She literally wore herself out in the service of her God and her people. She knew no sick bed, but as she often expressed her wish, she fell into the arms of her husband and expired in a moment, surrounded by every member of her family, and two dear friends from New York.

Her funeral was attended by the trustees, faculty, and students of the college, and a large concourse of friends, at Avery Mission Chapel, on Sabbath, the 9th inst. The services were conducted by the Rev. Charles Hedges, Pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Revs. A. Cole, John Peck, Lewis Woodson, and Coulter. Mrs Garnet leaves a husband and a daughter, Mrs. Mary H. G. Barboza, and a son, Henry S. Garnet and an infant grand-daughter.

ALLEGHANY, Pa., Jan., 10th, 1870.

CHEMISTRY is furnishing us new agents for fuel, force, food, and many other important aids over those we once possessed. Ports from which commerce was driven during the hot months by their terrible fevers are visited all the year with impunity now. Many localities in the South and West kept tenantless by their deleterious miasms are now filling up with populations under the protection of Ayer's Ague Cure. Their afflicting Chills and Fever are so effectually cured by this remedy that the disease no longer turns emigration aside or destroys the settler if he ventures upon its infected districts.—*Gazette, Independence, Mo.*

Facts for the Ladies.

I HAVE used my Wheeler & Wilson over fifteen years. It has done the sewing for two families, and numerous benevolent purposes, without one cent of repairs. I had no personal instructions, but simply followed the printed directions.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE SMITH.

The smith is at his forge to-night,
And, as his hammer swings,
His anvil in the glowing light,
With answering chorus rings.

Iron and iron, to and fro;
They neither flinch nor tire;
Obedient slaves, right well they know
The sinews and the fire.

The laboring bellows creaks and roars,
While, from its breath unseen,
The flame in double volume pours
The chimney walls between.

Now on the soft and yellow bars
The skilful hammer falls,
And fast the showers of red-hot stars
Hurtle on floor and walls.

The smith works on and has no fear,
But, 'neath his following blows,
The shape desired will yet appear,
And fast the likeness grows.

Of every man who draweth breath
His fate a smith hath made,
And from his childhood till his death]
He labors at his trade.

All day and night the workman stands
His fire of life before,
And ever to his tireless hands
Is passed the shapeless ore.

And he shall make it what he will,
With strong and regular beat,
All things to him are hammers still,
And purpose feeds the heat.

So let his fire of life be hot,
So let his will be strong—
Iron or steel, it matters not,
His work is done ere long.

VOICES.

Far before the eyes, or the mouth, or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice; but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on woman's cheeks or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone and that are as full of warning as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent. These are in general the naturally hard voices, which make themselves carressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull, indeed, who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawling, would-be affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with the appearance of the speaker.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, vailed, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment, the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos.

Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, are all aids certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth, when relating the most outrageous impossibilities—a voice and manner peculiarly trans-atlantic, and, indeed, one of the Yankee forms of fun—do not we know all these varieties by heart? Have we not veteran actors, whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? And what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory.

Certain voices grate on our nerves, and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bedside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art, and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as court-trains and brocaded silk for the nurse.

The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural—a voice which never strikes one as hearty or as having a really genuine utterance, but which yet is not unpleasant, if one does not require too much spontaneity. The clerical voice, with its mixture of familiarity and oratory, as that of one used to talk to old women in private, and to hold forth to a congregation in public, is as distinct in its own way as the mathematician's handwriting; and any one can pick out blindfold his man from a knot of talkers, without waiting to see the square-cut collar and close white tie. The legal voice is different again; but this is rather a variety of the orator's than a distinct species—a variety standing midway between that and the clerical, and affording more scope than either.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain-power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time, and to understand them as we understand their best dresses.

The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company-tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting-jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease. The lover's voice is, of course, *sui generis;* but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes, that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice, which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners.

Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are certain lisps and catches which are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, even a very little American accent—but very little, like red pepper, to be sparingly used, as, indeed, we may say with the others—gives a certain piquancy to the voice.

Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself, not the sing-song voice of an English parish school-boy, but an unnoted bit of harmony.

The cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short, yelping voices, like dogs; purring voices, like cats; croakings, and lispings, and quackings, and chatterings—a very menagerie, in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.—*London Saturday Review.*

THE EXPRESSIVENESS OF SILENCE.

What touches the most deeply a man's heart,
Ay, and a lover's?—'Tis the silent proofs,—
Not the loud-spoken words,—that testify
A true heart's beautiful and faithful love;
The dead,—their lips are silent,—yet they speak
With a loud voice! their eyes are shut and sealed,
And yet behold us! mildly smiles their face,—
And we, we weep to look upon that smile,
Which a dead loved one leaves us as a proof
How gladly she would still have lived for us!
And yet how gladly she had died, that so
She thus might say: "I loved thee unto death!"
Then reverence the holy eloquent
Silence of sun and earth and every heart!
For everything most noble and most fair
Is still, and chiefly when unuttered, works
With heavenly might unutterable things!
—*Leopold Schefer—Layman's Breviary.*

LITTLE DOG PINK.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

A few days ago, I read in some newspapers a paragraph concerning a dog that had been a great favorite in the family where he belonged, but had become so infirm that his master remarked one evening that he must be killed. The dog was lying near, and probably heard what was said, for he disappeared the next morning, and was seen no more.

This anecdote reminded me of a little dog named Pink, a pet in the family of Friend Joseph Carpenter, where I lived several years. He was a fox-terrier, very vivacious and vigilant, and quick to understand any directions that were given him. Having been told not to let the cats lap the milk, he went to the barn-yard regularly at milking time, and mounted guard so valiantly that it was as much as any cat's life was worth to presume to approach the premises until the milk was all safely deposited in the dairy. One morning a stranger, who happened to be present, noticed how alert and vigilant the little dog looked, keeping watch over the full pails of milk. "Try if thee can take one of them," said Friend Joseph's wife, Margaret. "Thee is welcome to it, if thee can get it." Not supposing such a little animal could be very formidable, he laughingly attempted to raise one of the pails; but Pink flew at him furiously and held him with such a tight grip that it was impossible to loosen his hold till Friend Margaret called him off.

This terrier, though so pugnacious in the performance of his duties, was of a very affectionate disposition. He particularly attached himself to Friend Joseph's son. When he retired to rest, he always followed him and took his station beneath the bed; but if any one opened the door, he would spring upon the bed instantly, and prepare to do battle with the intruder. Not even the members of the family were allowed to enter till he was quite sure his young master wished it. But, in process of time, this lively little animal grew old and stiff in the joints, and fell into some habits that were troublesome. One day, when he had done something very annoying to his neat mistress, she said to him, "Pink, I can't stand this any longer. Thee must be killed." And, turning to a colored man who worked on the farm, she said, "Jesse, thee must shoot Pink to-morrow, for he is getting too troublesome."

The next morning, the dog, contrary to his usual habits, went off into the fields, and was gone several hours. He came back at noon, but refused to eat, and seemed so timid and dejected, that Friend Margaret's son said, "Mother, what ails Pink? He acts very strangely." The circumstance made no impression upon her at the time; for she very naturally attributed the dog's low spirits and want of appetite to the effects of old age. Some time after, Jesse came in and said, "I have shot Pink, as you told me; but it made me feel dreadful bad. I believe the poor little creature knew what I was going to do; for, when I tied the handkerchief over his head, he gave me such a mournful look, and the tears ran down his face." "Oh," exclaimed the Friend, Margaret, "if I had known that, I would not have let thee shoot him. I now believe the poor little thing understood what I said to thee yesterday, and that was the reason he wouldn't eat, and seemed so miserable." She recalled the looks and ways of the faithful little animal, and it seemed to her now as if he had looked at her not only sadly but reproachfully. She could not get away from those memories, and they troubled her heart exceedingly. She is now seventy-six years old, and poor little Pink's troubles were all over more than thirty years ago; but she says it all appears before her as vividly as if it happened yesterday.

The social subordination of woman stands out an isolated fact in modern social institutions; a solitary breach of what has become their fundamental law; a single relict of an Old World thought and practice exploded in everything else.—*John Stuart Mill.*

Diamonds and Diamond Cutting.—The rough diamond is little more attractive than the common pebble; its brilliancy being concealed under a hard crust, that can only be removed by diamond powder. Though the art of cutting this gem has only been brought to perfection during the last few centuries—those being cut and polished at Golconda being of clumsy workmanship—the stone was formerly valued for other, and for the most part fabulous, qualities. If the Eastern monarchs wore diamonds about their person, it was principally because they regarded them as talismans, as having magical properties; and the same belief was shared by all nations. Serapius ascribes to this gem the power of keeping at a safe distance lemures, incubes and succubos; and of making men courageous and magnanimous. It was also thought to nullify the attractive power of the magnet. The Indians believe that diamond powder taken into the mouth causes the teeth to fall out; and that the stone acts as a preservative against lightning.

There is mention in history of a cloak of Charlemagne's, the clasp of which was formed of two diamonds; and in the inventory of the effects of the Duke of Anjou, in 1360 or 1368, a diamond cut into the form of a shield is among the list of valuables. It was not, however, until the time of a clever lapidary of the name of Hermon, in the beginning of the the fifteenth century, that a glimpse was obtained of the real magnificence of the diamond as an article of ornament; but it was reserved for Louis Van Berghem, forty years later, to discover the method of cutting the diamond into regular facets, thus revealing the jewel in its full beauty. He established a guild of diamond-cutters in Burges; but his pupils, driven from this place by the intolerance of the priests, afterward settled in Antwerp and Amsterdam. The latter town still has the repute of possessing the first diamond-cutting factory in the world. It was here, in the establishment of M. Coster, that the Koh-i-noor was recut in 1852.

The operation may more properly be described as grinding than cutting. The stone is applied to the surface of a flat iron plate covered with oil and diamond-dust, and rotating with great velocity. The extreme nicety required in diamond-cutting may be imagined when it is remembered that multitudes of these gems are so small, that it takes one thousand to weigh a single carat.

The origin of the carat—four grains Troy weight—is from the Arabic word "Kuara," the name of the seed of a pod-bearing plant. These seeds are uniformly of the same gravity, and were used for weighing against gold dust. The weight was adopted in Hindostan, and thence all over the world.

The rage for the possession of these precious stones so much increased after the revelation of their extreme beauty by Van Berghem, that Paris alone, in the time of the Cardinal Mazarin—who was a great diamond fancier—supported seventy-five diamond-cutters. In England also were several renowned lapidaries, whose work was so perfect that even now the diamonds called "old English" are much prized. The art, however, in this country has declined.—*The Argosy.*

Men bow before talent, even if unassociated with goodness; but between these two we must make an everlasting distinction. When once the idolatry of talent enters, then farewell to spirituality: when men ask their teachers, not for that which will make them most humble and godlike, but for the excitement of an intellectual banquet, then farewell to Christian progress. Here also St. Paul stood firm. Not wisdom, but Christ crucified. St Paul might have complied with these requirements of his converts, and then he would have gained admiration and love: he would have been the leader of a party, but he would have been false to the Master—he would have been preferring self to Christ.—*Robertson.*

NIGHT.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for his lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

A writer in *The Spectator* thinks tobacco has a property belonging to very few substances, which makes its use exceptionally dangerous—the property, when administered in an overdose, of effecting some permanent change, probably in the spinal cord, which renders the victim forever after liable to injury from the minutest dose. Cases are quoted from Dr. Druben's work on tobacco. Mr. T., a lawyer, 30 years of age, of athletic frame, for five years had shown symptoms of a spinal affection, which had resisted all remedies. On the recommendation of Dr. Druben, he gave up the use of tobacco, in which he had indulged to excess. The result was that "all the symptoms disappeared, as if by enchantment, and at the end of one month the cure was complete." One day, dining with the doctor, he indulged himself, contrary to the earnest remonstrance of the former, in a cigar. No sooner had he finished the second one than he felt that all his old sensations had returned. Warned by this decisive intimation, the gentleman henceforth entirely gave up his cigar, took tonics for a month, and has ever since enjoyed excellent health. The second case was that of a person who felt his energies declining, lost his appetite, and only found comfort in smoking very strong cigars. He complained of acute pain in the region of his stomach every afternoon, which only ceased at night; trembling of the limbs, palpitation, and sometimes sickness. On his relinquishing the use of tobacco for one month, all the symptoms disappeared; but preferring the pleasure from tobacco to health, he resumed its use, and had in return a renewal of all his pains. In the third case, the patient, aged 45 years, extremely sober and very regular in all his habits, was troubled by the premonitory symptoms of melancholy mania. He was perfectly aware of his hallucinations, but could not escape them. After two or three weeks' medical treatment, during which he felt no desire to use tobacco, the symptoms passed away—but they returned as soon as he resumed his cigar. Admonished by this experience, he renounced tobacco entirely, and from that day has had no recurrence of the symptoms. Other cases of a similar character are brought under the notice of physicians. The most determined devotee of tobacco who takes an overdose, or uses a much larger quantity than usual, will suffer more or less severely, and not only at the time, but at intervals afterward.

Arsenic Eaters.—So it is true that there are people in Styria who eat arsenic as the Asiatic eats opium, or the European chews tobacco—as a matter of taste. Travelers had asserted the fact, though the learned denied it, declaring that the white substance taken for arsenic must have been some harmless mineral like chalk. But an official inquiry has been instituted, and seventeen Styrian physicians have reported upon the matter; and there is no doubt about the travellers' stories. There are people who take doses varying from pellets, the size of a millet, to pills the size of a pea, of various kinds of arsenic, the favorite being the white quality, known as ratsbane. They will take it daily, or on alternate days, or twice a week, according to circumstances; generally they abstain from the luxury at the time of new moon, beginning small doses with the young moon and increasing them to a maximum by full moon. Why this lunar observance it is hard to guess, unless, as they profess, that the arsenic makes them strong and healthy, they fancy that the waxing moon weakens them and renders the greater proportion of the restorative necessary. The habit is most commonly found among the lower orders; and it begins to attack the youth at about the same time as the tobacco taste affects our youngsters. Some few females are fond of ratsbane, but its patrons are mostly of the harder sex. The regular consumers live to good ages, and are strong, healthy and courageous. So we have a proof that what is one man's poison is another man's food.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

Misquotations.—It is the hard fate of some authors to have a line or a sentence of their writing perpetually quoted, and almost invariably quoted wrongly; a fact always recalled to my mind on hearing the First Lesson for the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, wherein the prophet is desired to write a denunciation of woe upon the walls, "that he may run who readeth it;" that is, that taking warning he may escape. Often as this has been pointed out, people still persist in quoting it "*that he who runs may read,*" as if it were merely the plainness of the writing that the stress is laid upon!—thus entirely perverting the sense of the passage. Cowper's well hackneyed "*cup* which *cheers* but not *inebriates,*" undergoes no great deterioration by the alteration in the bard's *numbers;* but it *is* hard upon Pope, a master of finish as regards form, that one of his perfect lines:

"welcome the coming, speed the *going* guest,"

should be spoiled (as it is in at least ninety-nine out of every hundred cases) by the substitution of "parting" for "going," whereby both the alliteration and the antithesis are lost! Then there is poor Dr. Watts, again and again perseveringly credited with an abominable Americanism, only too prevalent among careless writers of our own day, but which he never was guilty of:

"Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

In every edition, old or new, that I have seen, of his poems, the verse stands:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis *their* nature *too* (*i. e., also*).

But I have never been able to persuade anybody of the fact. "*Calomniez, Calomniez,*" says Basile in *Figaro,* "*il en reste toujours quelque chose!*"—*Once a Week.*

Drunkenness in the Old Time.—A law to prevent drunkenness by prohibiting the public promiscuous sale of intoxicating drinks was by no means original in the State of Maine. The vice is as old as our race. Our ultimate ancestors, the Vikings, drank fire-water upon earth and quaffed mead in Paradise; our more recent progenitors in Great Britain drank gin and groveled. A gin-shop in Southwark, London, a hundred and thirty years ago had this alluring sign: "Drunk for a penny: Dead drunk for tuppence: Clean straw for nothing." What more could man, the image of his Maker, ask? And is it wonderful that Swift, diseased and half frenzied, poured out his profuse contempt in Laputa and the Houyhnhnms? People often died of drunkenness in the taverns; and there was a temperance party, even then, that demanded a prohibitory law, and they succeeded in carrying a bill through Parliament which laid upon liquor a tax so heavy that it became too costly for the poor, and which prohibited the sale of drams. Sir Robert Walpole, whose boozing orgies at Haughton are not unknown, finally acquiesced in the law.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

Tennyson's new home on the Surrey hills is to be a very grand dwelling, with extensive grounds, and already bears the name of the "Tennyson House." Somebody, who probably owns real estate in the neighborhood, gets the English papers to say that the pleasure of having so great a neighbor will doubtless draw many people to erect other homes in the vicinity. But Tennyson is not a very "sociable" neighbor, and is likely to treat them as John Randolph did the Virginia planter who said to him, "Mr. Randolph, I am a neighbor of yours; I pass your plantation frequently." "You are welcome to pass it, sir," said Randolph, "as often as you please."

Life is onward, use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not on another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward, never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion,
Use it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

M. Nestle of Vevay has proposed the introduction of a new food for young infants, to which he gives the name of *lacteal farina.* This food is composed of perfectly pure milk evaporated in a vacuum at a low temperature, of bread which has been submitted to a high temperature, and of sugar. These ingredients are incorporated in certain proportions, calculated to produce a food of similar composition to human milk. If some other benefactor of his race would suplement Mons. Nestle's contrivance by a patent automaton to administer the maternal fluid, wonderful results might be obtained. The old and tedious system of bringing orphans up by hand would be superseded, fashionable mothers would be relieved from the onerous task of nursing, and no one can doubt that the crop of aristocratic infants would be largely increased in consequence. It would be only necessary to consign the babe to the tender embrace of the machine, fill the tank with "Lacteal Farina," connect a hose provided with a valve opening outward, place the end of it within the youth's reach, and instinct and suction might be relied on for the rest. By judicious apportionment of the aqueous and lacteal elements of the mixture, moreover, a fat or lean article of children—according to the taste of the doting parents—could be produced to order.

Tennyson's Poetry in England.—The London correspondent of the *Book Buyer* says in his last letter:

"In belles-lettres everything pales before the new work of Alfred Tennyson, *Idyls of the King,* volume 2d. More than 17,000 copies of this work, a seven-shilling volume, were subscribed for in the room, at the publisher's sale, about ten days since, and scattering orders since received are said to raise the number ordered in advance of publication to nearly 25,000. It is noticeable that while Messrs. Smith, who supply most of the railway book stalls in the kingdom, took 3,000 copies, Mr. Mudie, for his circulating library, bought only 500. The inference seems plain, that a volume of this size and price is *bought* not *borrowed,* to *read,* and if publishers in England would only learn from this lesson, adapt their wares to their customers' means, a great future would quickly open before them. This large sale shows that poetry has a greater hold on English middle-class feeling than most people would suppose, and seems to afford a justification of the publishers' large payment to the poet for the use of his works, understood to amount to amount to £4,000 a year.

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For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa,** but one mild dose is generally required.

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